

April 17, 1963

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Three of America's leading women writers are featured in the special Easter holiday fiction in this issue.

NOVELS and stories by these writers appear frequently in our paper because they are experts in their fields.

They are Margaret Cousins, who wrote our richly romantic serial "The Day of the Wedding" (which starts on pages 22 and 23), Charlotte Armstrong, author of the dramatic free pull-out novel "The Mirror on the Bridge," and Ursula Curtiss, whose short story with an ingenious murder plot, "The Doomsday Book," is included with the novel.

Strangely enough, Charlotte Armstrong, a leading light in lethal literature, lives in a more lushly romantic setting than Margaret Cousins, a mistress of the tender love story.

Charlotte Armstrong lives in a California mansion with a beautiful swimming-pool; Margaret Cousins in a New York apartment that bursts at the seams with books.

"The Doomsday Book," according to members of our Fiction Department (who never stop reading), has the most spine-chilling last words of any short story they can remember.

But, of course, you'll have to read the story to come to them (and understand their importance), but this won't be any chore. It's a brilliant story.

Our Cover

● The laughing dog is Bepe Buras, a six-month-old Maltese terrier, owned by Miss Virginia Burns, of Clontarf, N.S.W. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

HOUSEWIVES who complain that "£1 goes nowhere" in the household shopping will be interested in the problem of the mother of 12 who told staff reporter Kerry Yates that they are "Dearer by the Dozen" (see page 37).

She finds £5 goes nowhere.

"We're never quite sure how much the shopping is going to cost till we reach the cash register," she told Kerry.

"It's usually £10 to £11 in the supermarket, and there's something needed at the local shops nearly every day."

This woman also makes other mothers' holiday transport problems pale into insignificance.

She told Kerry:

"With so many of us, we can't all travel together—so we pack off the six or seven oldest on a train before we leave Sydney by car and pick them up at the nearest station when we arrive."

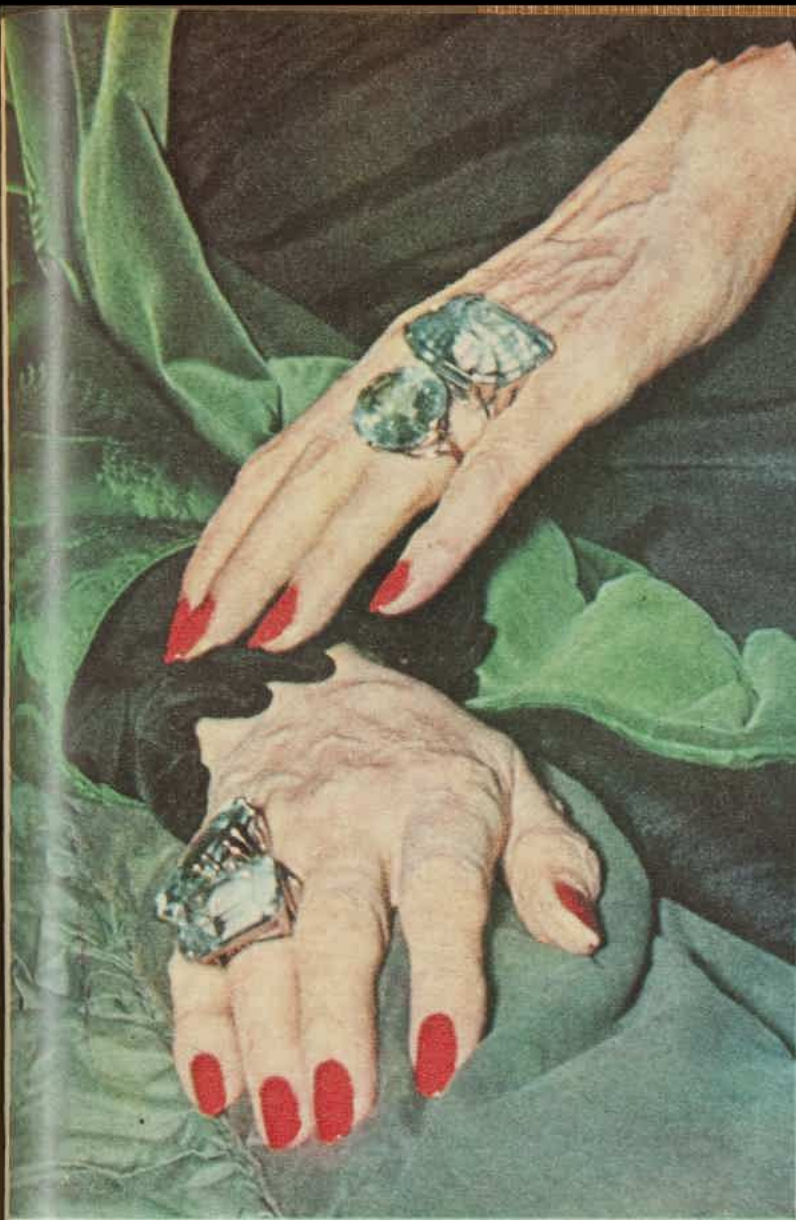
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DAME EDITH SITWELL

By WINFRED BISSET

She is proud of her slim white hands — and her aquamarine rings

DAME EDITH SITWELL is certainly a "presence."

She met the Press in her stateroom when the liner Arcadia berthed in Fremantle. She made the sea voyage to Australia for health reasons—she is recovering from pneumonia.

She was accompanied as far as Gibraltar by her brother Sacheverell, then continued to Australia with her secretary, Australian Elizabeth Salter, and nurse, not once stirring from her cabin.

Tales of the Sitwell family have rocketed round the world, gathering drama as they go.

We met the famous poet reclining on her bed with her head propped up on a cushion; not a sign of purple satin robes with Elizabethan collars, but a sober black long-sleeved dress and plain red leather men's slippers.

Her imperious gestures were heightened by the fine, slim white hands with long, red-lacquered fingernails, and four enormous aquamarine rings.

"The first stone was left me by my grandmother. I

exchanged two bracelets for the other two, and bought myself the fourth," she explained.

To a whispered aside about Dame Edith's beautiful hands, Miss Salter whispered back that Dame Edith was very proud of them. She massages them regularly with cream, and always wears gloves when she goes out in the sun.

Dame Edith Sitwell is a little hard of hearing, but her fine, deep-set eyes miss nothing, and her long, aquiline nose is adept at sniffing out humbug.

Laugh with her and you will have a delighted response.

Bad to worse

There is nothing Dame Edith likes better than to make one of her preposterous statements, and then to be taken seriously.

She will go from bad to worse with malicious glee, just to see how long you will continue to take her seriously.

Dame Edith believes that one day Australian artists, in all spheres, will be in the forefront. The vitality and

youth of the country has always appealed to her.

Pianist Colin Watson and composer Malcolm Williamson were two young artists whose work interested her.

Dame Edith believes you have to practise with words as you would practise at a piano.

Aged nearly 76, she says she is still practising.

Question: "When you were about five years old, Dame Edith, you said you were going to be a genius when you grew up. Are you a genius?"

"Yes," she said simply.

"Dame Edith, in your poetry you often refer to negroes and dark-haired women. Is this some sort of symbolism relating to your early years?"

"You'll have to speak louder," said Dame Edith. "I don't hear very well. The people next door had some renovations done and there was hammering and hammering going on and I lost my hearing."

"Dame Edith, of what do negroes remind you?" This question was louder.

"Trees," she said tersely. And that was the end of that.



DAME EDITH. She massages her hands with cream, and protects them from the sun.

If she does not feel like answering a tricky question she simply says, "I don't think about it."

She loves her three cats. "Miss Salter gave me my first cat, a cream one," she said.

"He was to be married to a dark-haired lady, but on being presented set up such a hissing and a spitting that the marriage was called off. Then I am afraid there was a scandal, and he went out with lots of other cats."

Leo was his name. The second cat, a full Siamese, and a present from Nurse Farquhar, is a half-brother to Leo. His name is Shadow.

Six weeks before Dame Edith sailed for Australia, Shadow proudly presented an unweaned waif kitten at her Hampstead flat. He was given a solid meal and ate the lot.

He was christened Belaker, after one of her "Facade" characters.

At the age of five Dame Edith used to wander round the grounds of "Renishaw," the immense Sitwell home near Sheffield, with a peacock tucked under her arm.

"But then he married, too," she said, "and I lost interest in him."

"First cousin"

Dame Edith feels a close affinity with Queen Elizabeth I, born on the same date and at the same time of day. "She's a kind of first cousin," she said.

"Women were allowed to be learned in those days," she said. "Today they are only just being allowed to be learned again."

If she were allowed to choose which period she would like to live in she

would choose the time of Swinburne or Rossetti.

Some of the points she wished to make clear:

- "I am not an eccentric. I am an individual."
- "I do not go out looking for my clothes. My clothes find me. I can't wear other clothes. If I were to be seen in tweeds it would make people doubt the existence of God."

The half-hour of her interview rolled by to the tune of our constant squawks of laughter.

It was one of the most joyous interviews for a long time. Despite Dame Edith's overpowering dignity and formidable wit, she is a person with a most unerring love of fun.

HOLLYWOOD'S "WEIRD MOB"

Basil Rathbone's autobiography of five decades among the stars

● The late Errol Flynn was "one of the most beautiful male animals I have ever met," writes British actor Basil Rathbone in his autobiography, a long book called "In and Out of Character."

BUT Flynn's greatest handicap was an inability to take himself or anyone else seriously, says Rathbone, who rates the Tasmanian-born star well below Rudolph Valentino, John Gilbert, or Clark Gable as a top glamor-boy. Rathbone, whose career in the theatre, films, and TV has spanned five decades, appeared in three Warner Brothers' films with Flynn in the 1930s. "I don't think he had any ambition beyond 'living up' every moment of his life to the maximum of his physical capacity, and making money," Rathbone observes. "He was monstrously lazy and self-indulgent, relying on a magnificent body to keep him going, and he had an in-

sidious flair for making trouble, mostly for himself. "I would say he was fond of me. It was always 'dear old Bazz' and he would flash that smile, defiant and cruel, but which had a tinge of affection in it."

"We only crossed swords, never words, and he was generous and appreciative of my work. I liked him and he liked me."

Rathbone, although never a major star, was in constant demand as a leading man or character actor throughout his long Hollywood career and played opposite many of the great women of the screen, including Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, and Greta Garbo.

His memories of the shy, eccentric Swedish star are extremely sharp.

Rathbone and his wife, Ouida — to whom he has been married happily for 40 years — first met Garbo at a party in 1928 at Jack Gilbert's Hollywood home, where they lunched, played tennis, and swam.

Six years later Rathbone was cast opposite Garbo in "Anna Karenina."

The first day on the set Garbo greeted him as though they were utter strangers. "Never during the entire time of making the picture — some eight to ten weeks — did she give the slightest indication we had met before," Rathbone recalls.

"She remained alone in her dressing-room on the set and never talked with anyone."

On their last day on the set Rathbone approached Garbo with a photograph of



BASIL RATHBONE

herself in costume and asked her to autograph it as a memento of their work together.

"There was a moment's pause," he writes. "Then, without a movement, like a wax figure in Madame Tussaud's, she said, 'I never give pictures.'"

"I was both confused and hurt, and try as I will I have never quite forgiven her."

Rathbone recounts an experience British novelist Aldous Huxley had with Garbo about the same time.

Summoned to the star's small, shuttered, un-Hollywoodish home, Huxley was surprised to find Garbo dressed "like a boy."

After an uncomfortable pause, Garbo suddenly told Huxley, "I want you to write me a story about St. Francis of Assisi."

The startled writer asked, "Do you wish to enact the part of St. Francis himself?"

The Swedish star nodded solemnly.

"What?" exclaimed Huxley. "Replete with beard?"

He fled the gloomy premises without further word.

Rathbone recalls that when he was filming with Claudette Colbert she had just married a physician and fancied herself as at least a qualified nursing sister.

From GEORGE McGANN, in New York

She insisted on prescribing for the alleged ailments of fellow actors.

"She had a thermometer, aspirin, cough drops, eye-wash, iodine, and a Red Cross kit in a special bag that was always with her on the set," he recalls.

Marlene Dietrich's beauty "frightened me a little," Rathbone confesses.

He appeared with her and Charles Boyer in "The Garden of Allah," also filmed in the '30s.

"It's like looking at a great work of art or listening to a Brahms symphony," writes Rathbone.

"There is someone behind all this beauty—who is she?"

"I am not sure to this day that Marlene has ever escaped from the dream world I created about her, in spite of her warmth and friendliness—and her wonderful cooking. She is one of the best chefs in the world."

Rathbone was among the magnificent cast assembled by producer Irving Thalberg on the M.G.M. lot for the film "Romeo and Juliet."

Norma Shearer (wife of Thalberg) and Leslie Howard played the principal roles, with John Barrymore as Mercutio, Sir Aubrey Smith as Capulet, Edna May Oliver as the nurse, and Rathbone as Tybalt.

Barrymore, with whom Rathbone shared the same dressing-room suite, was in a drunken stupor much of the time, according to Rathbone, and had to be made up and costumed lying down.

Barrymore was unable to utter his lines for one important scene, but the director decided to include the actor in a wordless duelling sequence with Leslie Howard in order to keep the cameras rolling.

"Cameras were set, sound was ready, principals and extras were in place when Barrymore suddenly drew his sword with a tremendous

flourish and hit Leslie a violent accidental blow on the head," writes Rathbone. "Within seconds an enormous pigeon's egg appeared on Leslie's head and we were dismissed for the day."

Rathbone earned his greatest fame and biggest pay cheques portraying Sherlock Holmes.

He grew thoroughly sick of the characterisation in the course of churning out 16 Holmes films and more than 200 weekly radio broadcasts between 1939 and 1946.

Rathbone was born in 1891 to a well-to-do English family temporarily living in South Africa.

His older cousin, Sir Frank Benson, as an actor-manager, gave young Basil his first opportunity with a tour of Britain in Shakespearean repertory.

World War I intervened and Rathbone served in France and won the Military Cross.

After the war came more Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon and important roles opposite Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Constance Collier in London and Katherine Cornell in New York.

In 1934 Rathbone went to Hollywood, where he remained for 12 years, devoting all his spare time during the war to heading British War Relief, in which capacity he raised millions of dollars for his homeland.

His great love

Since returning to New York in 1947 Rathbone has divided his endeavors between the legitimate stage, "my first and true love," and TV.

Rathbone described TV as "a giant garbage truck devouring material each day of every week."

"There was little pleasure or pride in one's work in TV," he says.

"It was a means of employment and a source of income. The pace was terrific and one was haunted by fears of inadequacy owing to time limitations for preparation and rehearsal."

"One would come home after a show and the family would be kind about it and eventually someone would ask, 'How much did they pay you for doing that?'"

In the twilight of his long and often distinguished career as an actor, Rathbone has been forced to perform in TV commercials, hawking cigarettes, liquor, diet foods, and life insurance, to ensure himself "exposure" to the public—and presumably to augment his income.

Rathbone is depressed about the present state of the London and Broadway theatre. "It has never in my lifetime been more unlovely and unloving," he says.

He advocates Government subsidies to playwrights and others to raise the prevailing low standards.



MARLENE DIETRICH ... "her beauty frightened me a little ... it's like looking at a great work of art or listening to Brahms."

GRETA GARBO (left), "I have never forgiven her (for her snubs and aloofness) ... she never talked to anyone ... she was like a wax figure."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT (right), "She'd married a physician and imagined herself as at least a qualified nursing sister."





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Whether the house you want is big or small or like the types shown above, it will probably be the biggest buy of your life. Here are some helpful pointers on

How to shop for a house

ONE fine day you'll probably find a house on your shopping-list. It may not be a very smart house, but it will be home — and it will probably be the biggest buy of your lifetime.

Shopping for such a costly commodity is a serious business.

In the real-estate market there is no guarantee of "satisfaction or your money back."

Unlike clothes or food, this is a purchase you may have to put up with for the rest of your life, so it pays to shop carefully.

Here are a few pointers to house-buying to help you make the right choice.

• Shop for a neighborhood before you start shopping for a house.

The right location is probably the most important point in judging your future house. It will be governed by how near are the things you want—schools for the children, your work, shopping centres, public transport, sporting facilities, your church, also your friends.

• Having selected the neighborhood, visit the local council to check on rates (they could be higher than you can afford each year) and any

"injurious development" planned in the area.

"Injurious development" could include new railway lines, road-widening schemes, factory development, high-density multi-storey apartment houses, hotels, motels, and abattoirs.

Any of these might not only spoil your life in the neighborhood but would also lower the value of your house. In rare instances it might increase its value, but not its value as *your home*.

Smart shopping for a house includes finding one which you can resell, if need be, without loss.

• Protect yourself by consulting a licensed member of the Real Estate Institute. There is at least one member in the neighborhood in which you want to buy.

These estate agents are licensed only after being vetted.

Check whether your agent is a member by telephoning the Real Estate Institute in your State.

Remember that the services and advice of your estate agent are free of charge. His fee is paid by the seller of the house. As he stands to make a commission from the sale, he may not point out all the disadvantages of the house. These you must look for.

• Don't waste time inspecting houses you know you would never be happy living

in. You can usually tell if you will like living in a house the moment you step inside the door.

• If you have doubts about a house's soundness or you plan any structural alterations, engage an architect or builder to make a survey of it.

If the house was built before 1901 in New South Wales or Victoria, you may get an architectural survey done free of charge by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects (in Sydney) or (in Melbourne) the Royal Victorian Institute of Architecture.

Otherwise, the cost of an architect's inspection usually depends on the time he spends. The minimum fee in N.S.W. is £3/3/- an hour.

The architect will give you an approximate estimate of renovation costs and will arrange for plumber's, builder's, and electrician's quotations — if they are necessary.

It is impossible to give general costs of structural alterations, but houses built before the 1920s are usually more expensive to renovate than the later bungalow-type.

If you do not plan any alterations and the house seems to be fairly sound, here are a few items you can check without asking for professional help:

Inspect woodwork for signs

of borers or white ants. If the owner or agent is unable to give you a termite report, get a pest-exterminating firm to inspect the premises and make a report. Minimum charge for this is £2/2/-.

The pest exterminator, after his inspection, will be able to comment on the state of the foundations and the roof.

Look for dampness on walls and ceilings for evidence of a leaking roof or faulty walls.

Turn on taps to test water pressure. Weak pressure could point to an old, faulty water system.

• Note the number of electrical power-points and the "health" of the electrical system. Many old houses need a completely new electrical wiring system—an expensive item.

• Visit the local council again to check on the main drains and sewerage systems. There have been instances of main sewers running underneath houses. To repair a breakdown, part of the house has had to be dismantled to get access to the sewer.

• Having found the house you like—and can afford—don't waste time looking any further.

In the real-estate business, a house in the hand is worth two in the bush. If you delay making an offer, you may lose the house to another

buyer. In fact, most people end up buying the first house they see and like, no matter how long they spend looking at others.

• Don't be influenced by what your friends or relatives think about your choice. What suits them may not suit you, and vice versa. And YOU are to live in the house, not they. In this regard no one can judge its merits better than you.

When your offer has been accepted by the owner, it is advisable to pay a deposit of approximately ten per cent. of the total price to the agent as stakeholder or trustee on behalf of you and the owner.

Your receipt for the deposit should include the proviso "Subject to contract." This means that if for any reason you change your mind before the contracts have been drawn up and exchanged you will get your deposit back.

(The deposit is regarded as an act of good faith that your offer is serious.)

However, at this stage, the owner is not legally bound to sell you the house. Nor are you legally bound to buy it.

It is a gentleman's agreement. You must just trust that the deposit will dissuade the owner from accepting a higher offer from a different buyer.

While his solicitor is drawing up the contract, ask

By
CAROL HENTY

your solicitor to check the title of the property. If there is any doubt about the boundaries—or an easement or right-of-way—authorise him to have the place surveyed.

When the contracts are exchanged, have the house fully covered by insurance immediately.

Then follows the settlement of the sale, usually about six or eight weeks after the exchange. It is then you pay the balance of your purchase money and are handed the keys of your new home.

Don't forget that the precautions and machinery of buying a house cost money over and above the price you pay the owner.

A £3000 house would cost you approximately an extra £108 by the time you have bought it.

Broken down, these costs (in N.S.W.) are:

Minimum registration fee, £2/10/-.

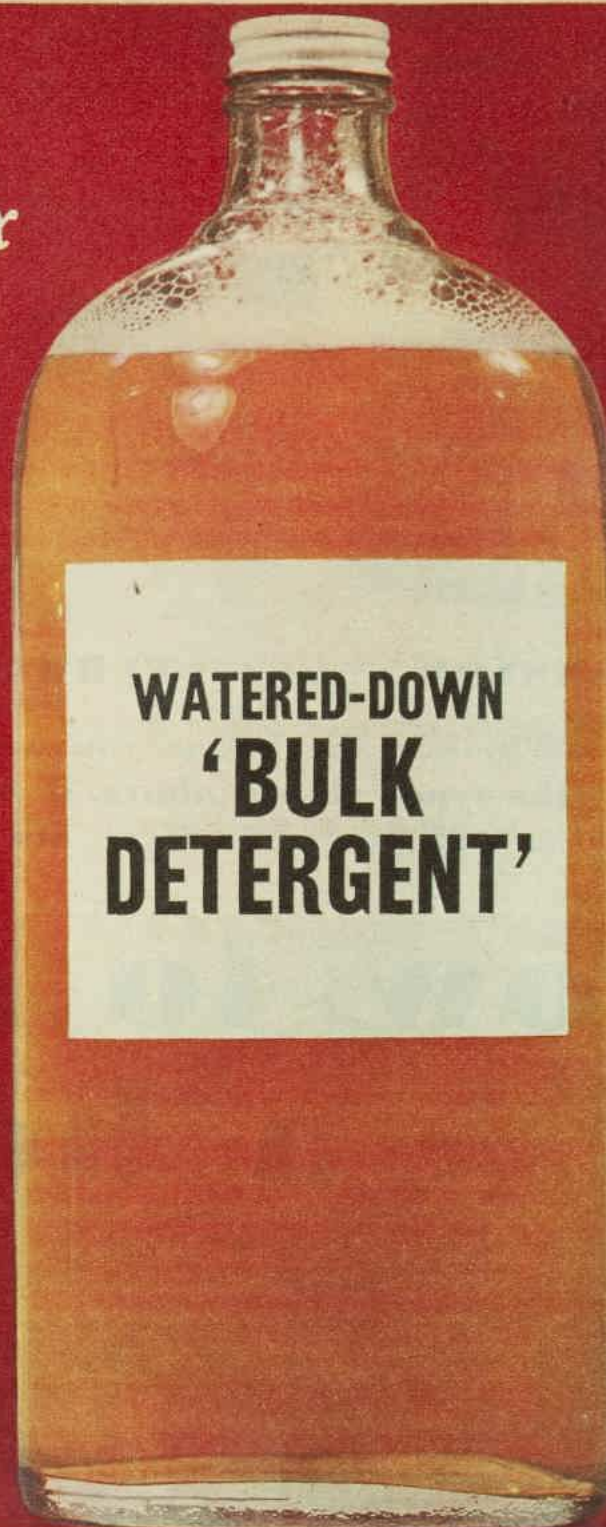
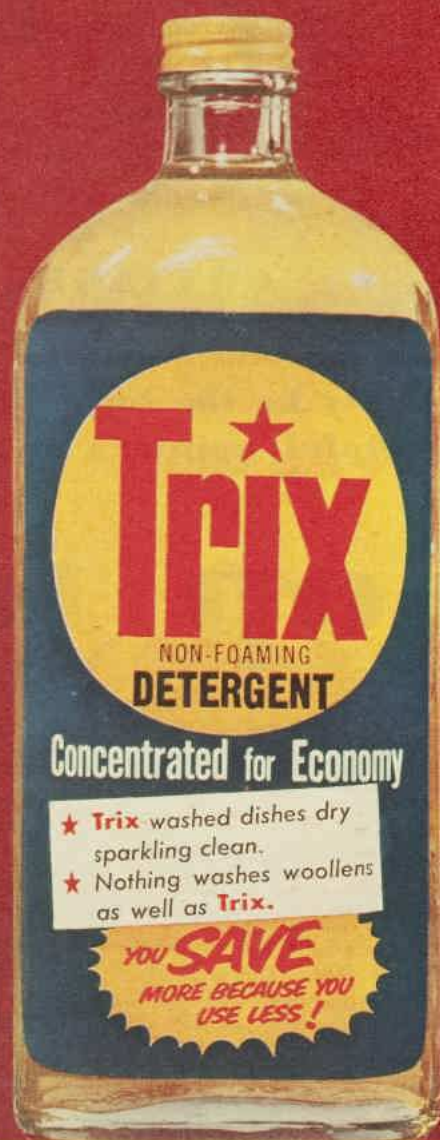
Insurance premium, £12/10/-.

Termite report, £2/2/-.

Stamp duty (this is based on a charge of 25/- per £100), £37/10/-.

Solicitor's fees for investigation of title, £42/11/6, plus about £10/10/- for out-of-pocket expenses.

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You save money with Trix Detergent because Trix gives you concentrated cleaning power. One teaspoonful of Trix washes better than a tablespoonful of bulk detergent. So why buy watered-down bulk detergent? **WATER IS CHEAPEST OUT OF THE TAP!** Trix goes further and Trix washes better than those watered-down detergents. Buy Trix and prove that you save more because you use less.

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ST651/63

Slimming—true or false?

A doctor discusses some facts and fancies about dieting established by the Sydney Hospital Medical Research Unit

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

RECENT American reports tell of case histories of fat men and women who, under strict medical supervision, have fasted from seven days to three weeks at a time, losing as much as a stone a week in the first fortnight.

(Repeated fasting was advocated as a safe and effective method of losing weight as early as 1912.)

But a doctor at the Medical Research Unit of Sydney Hospital warns that, like any other get-thin-quick method, the will-power of the patient is the key to success.

The Unit's investigations cover all branches of medicine, but its experiments with total fasting started as research into kidney failure.

"We don't run an obesity clinic as such," explained the doctor. "If we did we'd be too busy for research, and we'd have to increase staff to cope with the rush."

"In cases of kidney failure poisons which should be eliminated through the kidneys are retained in the bloodstream and body fluids."

Kidney failure

"Current methods of treatment and the nature of the disease inevitably lead to partial starvation."

"Kidney failure is no more prevalent in fat people than in thin ones, but in treating fat people we have been able to observe the effects of total fasting on their weight and metabolism, thus adding to our knowledge of obesity and simultaneously obtaining information that may assist in the management of kidney failure."

The doctor told of a 25-stone man who had to lose weight because of a heart condition. He was admitted to hospital and for three weeks was kept on a total fast. He lost about two stone.

"During the next two years, on a strict low-calorie diet, the man lost ten stone," the doctor said.

"After he left hospital he started on 500 calories a day—a near-starvation diet. Over the months his calorie intake was stepped up to 1200, a very low amount for such a large man."

"He had an exceptionally strong will and an intense interest in losing weight, but it is very seldom that we

come across such dedicated dieters."

"That is where total fasting falls down. The result is psychologically good, but it does not establish an eating pattern which the patient can follow on his own."

"We can help people to an initial dramatic weight loss, but we can't go on holding their hands all through their lives. The final answer lies with them."

"And the answer is not in fasting but in long-term cutting-down of calories."

Slow is best

"I'm sorry not to sound enthusiastic about the permanent success of fasting, but people get fat slowly—often over several years—and the only way to lasting weight loss is, in my opinion, to lose it equally slowly."

Although total fasting has been tried at the Sydney Hospital Research Unit for five years, few of the weight losses have been permanent, because fasting is a method which cannot be followed through once a subject has left the hospital.

It must be done under strict medical supervision. Even one-day fasts by individuals in their own homes are not advised.

"So little is still known about obesity," explained the doctor, "that even the experts disagree. We don't know

exactly, for instance, why a person on a complete fast loses all desire for food after the first two days, but a person on a 500-calorie diet may be hungry all the time."

"We discovered that a patient loses not only the desire to eat during a fast but also the desire to drink. We have had to insist that patients drink four pints of water a day to keep the kidneys functioning properly. Less water may be adequate; four pints is a liberal allowance."

"We also discovered that as soon as our subjects started eating again, water was more readily retained in the body and they put on weight. Even with partial feeding—such as carbohydrate in the form of a sugar syrup solution—patients showed little or no sign of weight loss for the first week."

"During fasts patients were given vitamins and minerals in the form of pills and tablets."

Although this particular section of the Research Unit is primarily concerned with investigations into kidney diseases, its experiments have also confirmed some of the facts and dispelled some of the fancies about obesity and dieting.

Here are some of them:

● A person of, say, 11 stone, even if lying in bed,

needs about 1200 calories. A normal diet ranges from 2000 to 4000 calories a day, according to build, type of job, and amount of exercise taken.

● Carbohydrates and fat can be burned up completely, but protein can leave a residue which is excreted through the kidneys. This residue, if not excreted, can build up poisons in the bloodstream.

● The body needs carbohydrates, fats, and protein to be healthy.

It is important to maintain an adequate protein intake—40 grammes or more per day—which is 160 calories. Make up the rest of the calories from either fat or carbohydrate. In order to avoid deficiencies of an essential dietary component, it is wise to have as wide a variety of good foods as possible.

To keep a correct check it is important to know the caloric value of each food.

Fad diets

The doctor at the Research Unit does not recommend fad diets, such as those allowing big quantities of fat while cutting out carbohydrate and liquids, or those based on just one or two foods.

They cannot be continued indefinitely and do not set a

pattern of eating for the future—the key to maintaining weight loss.

● The body needs plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs, and cheese, but it doesn't matter if occasionally a day is spent in eating more than a normal amount of carbohydrate in the form of cakes or puddings, as long as this is not a regular habit.

● Appetite depressants in the form of pills do not help to establish a sensible pattern of eating, but in the early stages of dieting they can help a dieter who has little or no will-power. They should never be used unless prescribed by a doctor.

● Weight can vary up to 2lb. or more from day to day according to the amount of water the body is losing or retaining. This is a good argument against daily weighing, as weight increase can discourage a slimmer. Weigh no more than once a week.

● Complete starvation means loss of fat, but also of protein and water, which is undesirable. It can lead to liver complaints and wasting of muscle.

No one yet knows how long a person can starve and stay alive. Dogs can be starved to half their original weight and survive, but it is thought that a person of normal weight could not stand more than a 25 per cent. loss in this way.

● It may be dangerous for people over 50 to attempt fasting, as the body doesn't like sudden changes—it needs time to adjust.

● Dehydration diets (i.e., restricting the amount of liquid taken) may encourage a dieter psychologically, but the initial startling weight loss is not permanent, nor is it medically desirable. Sometimes a loss of 10lb. in a week may be 5lb. lost in water and only 5lb. in actual fat.

● The surest and safest way of dieting is to get the weight off as slowly as it was put on—by cutting amounts of food eaten by a third (or even a half) rather than restricting any particular food.

An ideal weight loss is one pound a week (almost 4 stone in 12 months), which allows the skin and body to adapt itself to the changed weight.

Once again the doctor stresses that will-power is as important in losing weight slowly as in crash diets.

Many find it just as hard—and disappointing—to lose only a pound a week, and they give up dieting.

● It is important to eat meals regularly. It is not good to skip breakfast and lunch and eat a large meal at night.

Overloading the body with a mass of food at night, when it is least active, is less effective for losing weight than eating three small meals which will be burned up during the day while working or playing.

● Only about one case of obesity in 1000 is due to glandular disorder. Almost all are due to eating too much.

● A certain amount of exercise—walking, digging, or playing sports—will help to tone sagging muscles, but it will not help the dieter if it increases appetite and causes him to eat more.

Exercise

Exercise will not help much in actually losing weight. A one-mile walk burns up only 100 calories (equivalent of a slice of bread).

● A calorie-counting diet cannot fail if the dieter is scrupulously honest with himself, counting not only the calories in meals but in every scrap of food—potato crisp, chocolate, or glass of lemonade—consumed between meals. Many dieters are discouraged if they fail to lose weight more rapidly than can be expected.

● If you are five per cent. overweight you need not worry from a medical viewpoint, but if you are 10 to 15 per cent. above normal weight it's time to control—and lose—it.

● A long-term project is the only lasting way to lose weight, and the dieter must expect to be hungry at times. If he isn't, he is still eating more than he needs to lose weight.

Understanding and assistance from family and friends is helpful to a successful programme. Beware of friends who know you are on a diet and yet serve large helpings. It is common sense to refuse, not bad manners.

Prophylaxis is an important aspect of the control of any disorder. If you tend to obesity, nip it in the bud before you are grossly overweight, when weight reducing becomes a real problem.

AVERAGE WEIGHTS

This table lists satisfactory weights for those over 21 (undressed). Light or heavy build doesn't matter too much, as the difference is probably only two or three pounds either way.

There are various ways of arriving at an average weight for height and age, but the Medical Unit doctor suggests that this table is a fair guide; that, in order to keep healthy, weight should decrease gradually with increasing age.

Your ideal weight is possibly what you weighed at the age of 25. If, over the years, it has increased, then you should aim to take off the extra pounds.

| WOMEN | | MEN | |
|--------|------------|--------|-------------|
| HEIGHT | WEIGHT | HEIGHT | WEIGHT |
| 4' 9" | 7st. 12lb. | 5' 2" | 8st. 11lb. |
| 4' 10" | 8st. | 5' 3" | 9st. |
| 4' 11" | 8st. 2lb. | 5' 4" | 9st. 4lb. |
| 5' 0" | 8st. 4lb. | 5' 5" | 9st. 8lb. |
| 5' 1" | 8st. 6lb. | 5' 6" | 9st. 12lb. |
| 5' 2" | 8st. 9lb. | 5' 7" | 10st. 2lb. |
| 5' 3" | 8st. 13lb. | 5' 8" | 10st. 6lb. |
| 5' 4" | 9st. 2lb. | 5' 9" | 10st. 10lb. |
| 5' 5" | 9st. 6lb. | 5' 10" | 11st. 1lb. |
| 5' 6" | 9st. 10lb. | 5' 11" | 11st. 7lb. |
| 5' 7" | 10st. | 6' 0" | 11st. 13lb. |
| 5' 8" | 10st. 4lb. | 6' 1" | 12st. 5lb. |
| 5' 9" | 10st. 8lb. | 6' 2" | 12st. 10lb. |



Your pattern for pushbutton living

The pattern on this page shows you the latest in the increasing range of Pressure★Pak Brand Products—designed to bring you more comfortable living. When buying aerosol products, look for the name **PRESSURE★PAK**, because this is the symbol of perfection in formula and quality in manufacture that

brings you modern living at its push-button best in a wide range of household products.

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At the Royal Easter Show

WOOL LEADS FASHION PARADE

● There's a fashion parade with a difference at this year's Royal Easter Show. Wool is the star, and the fashions are part of several gay song-and-dance routines arranged and directed by the Wyatt sisters, Pamela and Yvonne, for the Australian Wool Bureau.

Models show the clothes as they sing and dance—even a Scottish jig!

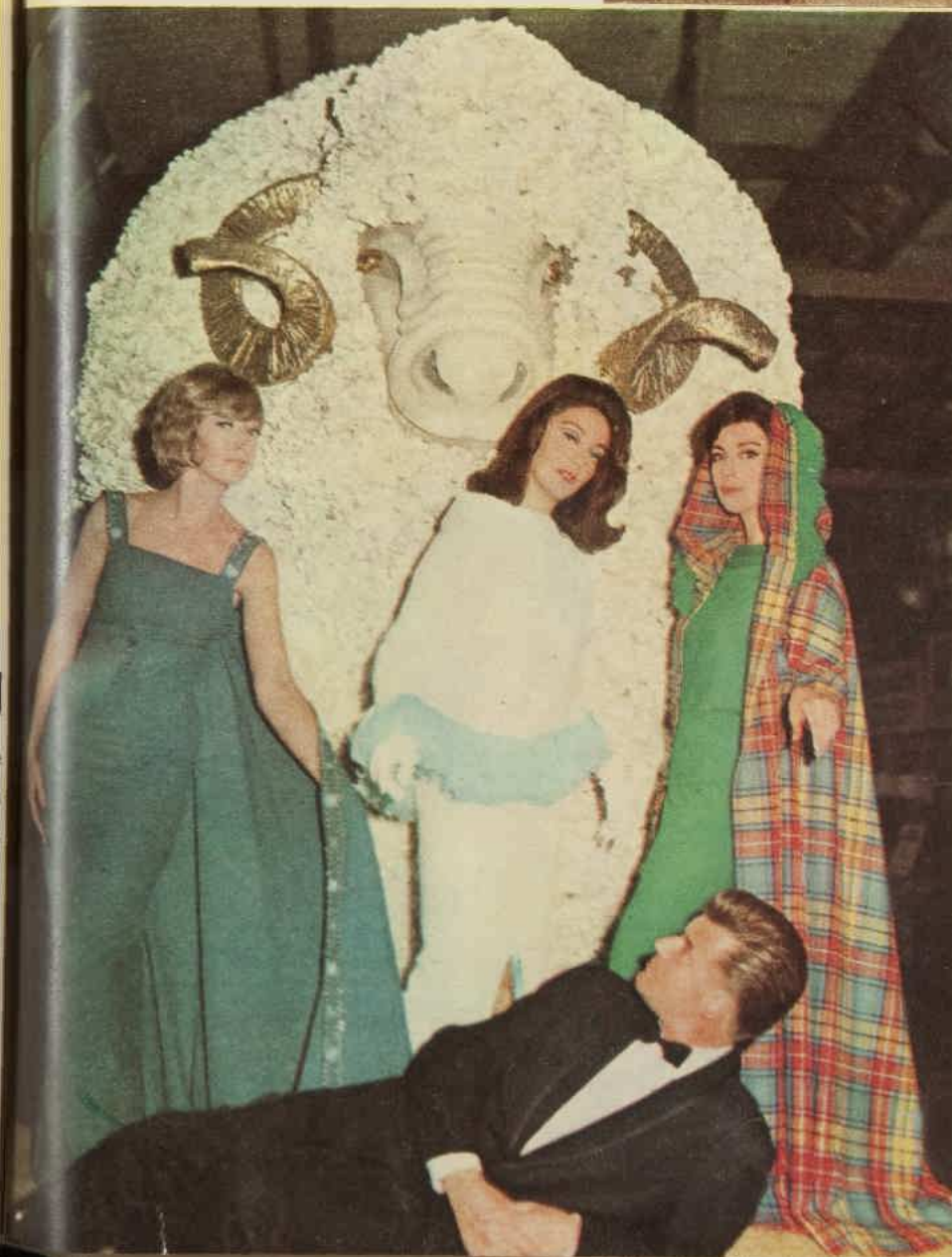
There are six shows a day in the Wool Pavilion, with one extra on Easter Saturday and Easter Monday.



WILD COLONIAL colors (above) in the hipster skirts and shirts of these gold-digging fashions from the show. Note the fashionable footwear — they're jockeys' boots!

EVENING CLOTHES (left) in the show include a slim wool crepe sheath with a floating toga-type stole; a strapless basket-weave sheath with centre-split skirt, topped by a matching cape banded in ostrich feathers; and a two-piece wool jersey dress with a floor-length theatre coat of plaid. The hood is fringed to match the dress.

Pictures by staff photographer Adelle Hurley



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by stork of course!

But however they arrive babies need the gentle care and protection that mothers can give them with the help of soothing 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream, their protection against nappy rash. 'Savlon' gives cool, soothing relief from skin irritations, too.



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Mary COLES'

SOCIAL

"ELAINE," Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax's beautiful old home at Double Bay, will be the setting for a delightful dinner dance Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax are giving in honor of their son John on April 16.

The one-time downstairs drawing-room (with its lovely Adam fireplace), now used as a rumpus room, will be cleared for dancing, and dinner will be served in a marquee in the garden.

John is an old Geelong Grammarian, and lots of his Victorian friends are coming up for the party.

They include Melburnians Amanda and Anthony Grace, Virginia Docker, John Bing, Edwina Avery, and Deidre Griffiths, and Evan Newcomen, of "The Camp," Ensay, and Alistair Bayles, of "Chatsworth Park," Tabilk.

"Elaine" will be en fete again on July 23, when Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax entertain there after the marriage of their elder daughter, Sally, to young Australian diplomat Geoffrey White at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

Sally, who is flying home this month after trousseau shopping in London, met Geoffrey last year in Canada, where he is Third Secretary at the Australian High Commission in Ottawa.

They were introduced by Mr. Ross Tolmie (a Canadian Rhodes scholar who was at Oxford with Sally's father) and his wife, with whom Sally was staying in Ottawa.

Incidentally, although they haven't been in touch since their boyhood, Sally's father and Geoffrey's father, Mr. Geoffrey White, of Perth, were at school together at Geelong Grammar School.

SENHORA EDMUNDO RADWANSKI.

Madame Jean Grenier, Mrs. Jack Miller, Mrs. David Stevenson, Mrs. Laurence Merson, Signora Franca Taglietti, Robin Root, Ann Woodruff, Robin Knights, and Barbara Belton will be Canberra's "top ten" amateur mannequins at the cocktail party and dress parade of imported gowns and furs at the American Embassy on April 26. They'll make grand-manner entrances, sweeping down the staircase into the black-and-white-tiled entrance hallway at the Embassy before parading in the reception rooms. The function, which will be attended by three hundred guests, is being arranged by a committee, headed by Mrs. W. H. Harrington, to raise funds for the A.C.T. Navy League's special project at the moment—the building of a Sea Cadet Depot on the new Canberra Lakes.

MRS. DUGALD MUNRO and Mrs. Bill Maxwell will attend Jan Henty at her marriage to Frank Moore, of "Hillstead," Moree, at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on April 18. It's to be a small wedding, and after the ceremony Jan's parents, Mr. Douglas Henty and Mrs. Joan Henty, will entertain relatives and young friends of the bridal couple at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. Frank is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Moore, of "Moorlands," Moree.

SOME wonderful links with the early days of the colony will be on view at the International Exhibition of Furniture and Furnishings, which the Hon. Catherine Sidney will open at Beard Watson's Gallery on April 16, to aid the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, president of the Headquarters Auxiliary, which is arranging the function, says the treasures will include a silver tea service brought to Australia by John Macarthur, and also a pair of his spectacles. They're being lent by Major-General and Mrs. Denzil Macarthur-Onslow, of "Mt. Gilead," Campbelltown. Also of special interest will be the rosewood circular dining table on loan from Mrs. Allan Williams, of Killara. It belonged to the Rev. Samuel Marsden. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wentworth are providing a pearl-studded enamel watch which was originally owned by William Charles Wentworth, and Mr. Harry See is lending autographed photographs of the late King George V and Queen Mary. They were presented to his father, the late Sir John See, who was Premier of New South Wales when the Royal couple visited Australia in 1901 as the Duke and Duchess of York.

I HEAR from Mr. Ross Field that eight teams will vie for laurels at the County Polo Club's tournament at Warwick Farm on April 17, 18, 19, and 21. Play on the final day will be between selected New South Wales teams playing in matches against New Zealand and Goondiwindi.

MICHAEL LEITH are the names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Downie, of "Kindamindy," Deniliquin, for their second son, who was born recently at the Mercy Hospital in Melbourne.



ABOVE: Mr. Lynton Gooden, of "Arrambee," Narrandera, and his bride, formerly Miss Sandra Whitehead, of "Arramidge," Bundure, with chief bridesmaid Miss Sue Bowler, at the reception at the Murrumbidgee Club, Narrandera, after their marriage at St. Mel's Catholic Church. The wedding was attended by 250 guests.

AT LEFT: Smiles from Mr. Richard Cozens and his bride, formerly Miss Toni Taylor, leaving St. Michael's Church, Faucusse, for reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Taylor, of "Murrumbidgee," Wagga, at the Wentworth Hotel. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. C. W. Cozens, of Beauty Point, and the late Mr. Cozens.

ROUNDAABOUT



KEEN spectators at the cattle judging at the Royal Easter Show were Poll Hereford fanciers Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Jaquet, of "Pimpampa," Rowena.



ABOVE: From left, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Meares, of "Bogabigal," Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. David White, of "Havilah," Maitgee, and Melbourne visitor Miss Ann Pennington at the cocktail party given by the president of the Royal Agricultural Society, Mr. Strath Playfair, and his wife for the Royal Show Art Competition awards.



AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Pearson (couple on the left) chatting with Dr. and Mrs. Ian Potts at the cocktail party given by the Sydney Hospitalers at Princes to celebrate the opening of Sydney Hospital's Refresher Week.



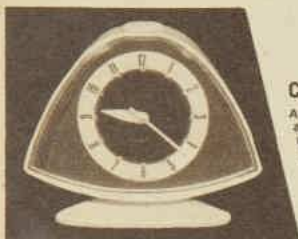
ABOVE: From left, Miss Mary Emery, Mrs. John McFadden, Mr. John Milne, and Mrs. George Maxwell chatting with Chief Steward Mr. Kelly Vickery, of "Nandewar," Boggabri, after judging novice events in the Royal Show dressage tests, which were held in Centennial Park.

AT RIGHT: Australian Olympics team gold medalist and Olympics silver medalist Mr. Neale Lavis, of "Revellee," Bodalla, adjusting the stirrups before riding Chakola in Royal Show dressage tests. Groom Miss Sally Gray is holding Mirrabooka, his mount in Royal Show jumping events.



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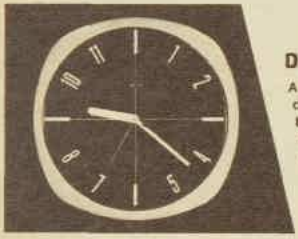
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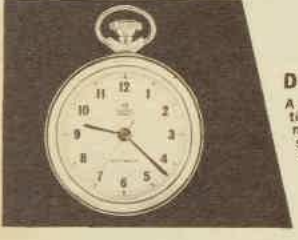
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A SMITHS* all-purpose wall clock in white, red, yellow or blue with white dial or white with black dial. Fully enclosed. Electric, 105/- or "pull-cord" wound 30-hour at only 65/-.



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FATHER



"He says once you try sail you'll never be happy with power."

MOTHER



"NOT a good party. I didn't get my present's worth."

It seems to me

SIXTY thousand tourists visited the Snowy Mountains scheme last year, and I don't think the Authority's spokesmen are over-optimistic when they predict that the number will soon rise to 100,000 per year.

Most of the customers on the two-day car convoy which occupied part of my week's holiday seemed satisfied. Certainly our carload was.

The Snowy Mountains Authority doesn't actually forbid you to inspect the sights under your own steam, but it does its best to urge you into the tourist buses or the car convoys.

"People do see it on their own," said one of our guides, with scorn, "but most don't know what they're looking at."

The word "convoy" had suggested to me a bumper-to-bumper progress, but we whizzed round the winding mountain roads in comfort, 20 to 50 yards apart, pouring out at intervals to look and to be told.

Perhaps I should be honest and mention that I wasn't at the wheel. But, like most licence-holders, I give the road nearly as much attention as the driver does.

THE guides who piloted us to Island Bend, Guthega, Lake Eucumbene, Happy Jack's, Tumut Ponds, and Cabramurra knew their job.

They explained clearly, and with as much enthusiasm as if telling the story for the first time, why the Authority has been beavering away for the past 13 years.

"Some of you may have some technical knowledge and others may not," said our man one day, "but I will use the simplest terms."

The simplicity is advisable. Although our group showed an admirable willingness to absorb facts, some started a little behind the ball. "What's that 3180 feet mean?" one woman muttered to her friend at a reservoir. "I think it's the height above sea-level," the other answered. "Oh," said the first, sounding relieved, "I thought it was the depth of the water."

YOU can't help noticing two things about the men who guide parties round the Snowy. One is that they say "We," meaning the Authority, their employers, with real pride.

The other is their stress on the fact that, by means of the tourist facilities, taxpayers can see how their money is spent.

As it had never occurred to me to question that the Snowy scheme was a Good Thing, this surprised me slightly. But I cannot be said to be a thoughtful taxpayer. I am always so foolishly grateful to receive a refund that I never grizzle about what has happened to the rest.

By



Dorothy Dean

THE controversy about the proposed engineering work near Kosciusko summit is a very live issue in the area.

Listening to an S.M.A. spokesman, I was convinced that the work was essential and that the Kosciusko State Park Trust had adopted an unreasonable viewpoint over the disturbance to its "primitive area."

But a couple of days later, after a drive to the Summit, I met a young Trust employee who swayed me to the opposite view.

I was buying the Trust's pamphlet about the Park and the subject arose.

"Oh, it's such a shame," said the young man. "It isn't the reservoir we mind, it's the way the aqueducts will scar the mountain. It will never revegetate, not in this climate."

"Why," he added earnestly, "even the road spoils the mountain, but we can't help that. It was made in 1909 and the Trust wasn't formed till 1944."

Maybe that viewpoint seems a bit exaggerated, but it is by what Arnold Bennett called the "passionate few" that heritages are preserved. Bennett was talking about literature, but the "passionate few" exist in many fields.

Still, I cannot really be sorry that the road is there. If it were not for that narrow track winding through the eerie, stone-specked summer landscape I might never have looked down from the top of Australia to ranges below.

The Alpine flowers were dead, but you could picture the expanse of color there must have been a month before. We were just in time to travel the road before it was closed for the winter, and two days later, flying back from Melbourne, I saw the first thin covering of snow on the peaks.

AND a postscript after travelling the Alpine Way from Jindabyne to Khancoban.

Some names have melody. And some, not beautiful,

Can strangely touch the heart. Like "Dead Horse Gap,"

"Tom Groggins," "Grey Mare Range," plain, simple names

Given by men about their daily work; labels, no more,

Talked of round campfires, handed down the years,

While many a winter snow has capped the peaks

And summer flowers have bloomed and died away,

To bloom again on graves where lie perhaps

Bushmen who wrote their poetry in maps.

The world's First Instant sweet!



STILL A FAMILY FAVOURITE

DELICIOUS HANSEN'S JUNKET

IN 5 FLAVOURS (AND PLAIN)

Pineapple Strawberry Raspberry Cherry Almond

NO COOKING . . . NO BEATING

Junket, being a milk-based food, contains all the goodness of milk . . . a variety of nutrients necessary for a balanced diet in an attractive form.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS



Worth Reporting

AFTER a nine-year battle against indifference, opposition, lack of funds, and ill-health, four women, all over 60, have won the first round of their fight to establish their church at Umina, N.S.W.

Rev. Ian Davidson, Presbyterian minister at Woy Woy, three miles away, has told them that church authorities and the local council have approved the building plans.



Mrs. Mary Pickering with Rev. Ian Davidson at the Umina church site.



Mrs. Pearl Foster

"When we heard the news we danced a jig," said Mrs. Mary Pickering. "The land is paid for, and we've got the £1300 to get the shell of the building up. We have an organ and a piano. "We haven't enough money yet to line the building and buy seats, carpets, pulpit, baptismal font, and sink for the kitchen at the back. But we're not disheartened at all.

"We will have our church, even if we have to sit on the floor for a while."

Behind this elation is a story of a long hard struggle to raise the money—often in halfpennies and pennies.



Mrs. Lurleen Johnston

Mrs. Pickering, Miss May Boyle, Mrs. Pearl Foster, and Mrs. Lurleen Johnston told us about some of their obstacles.

Mrs. Johnston, her leg in plaster from knee to ankle from an operation, said the journey from Umina to the nearest Presbyterian church at Woy Woy was too far. "We could have reached Ettalong, in the opposite direction, by bus," she said, "but would have needed a taxi back. So by running street stalls we raised £50 deposit on a £400 block of

land and paid it off in two years."

For the next seven years the four women organised street stalls. They made items like dolls' dresses (2/- each for cotton, 5/- for nylon) and toy animals (from 2/6 each), and sold plants for 1/- each.

"We couldn't hold indoor functions," explained Mrs. Johnston. "We couldn't afford to hire premises."



Miss May Boyle

But as the money grew so did the problems.

Church authorities felt they should sell the land and give the proceeds to the Woy Woy church.

One by one, those who had helped them dropped out of the fund-raising, convinced it was a losing battle.

Mr. Davidson told us: "The ladies and I were very tough with each other at first, but out of our toughness has grown mutual respect and liking."

"We had very little support from church members at first," said Mrs. Foster. "But now someone has offered to pay for the cement path and another has promised to pay for building the wall in front of the church."

The four women will continue with their street stalls and have staked their claim to a High Street "pitch" for every holiday weekend in 1964.

"Visitors come with money on holiday weekends," explained Mrs. Foster, "and are prepared to spend it."

The foundations are about to be laid. One problem remains—what to call the church. Favorite name so far is St. Enoch's.

"Of course antique chairs are uncomfortable," he said. "The comfortable ones are worn out."

Snow with the cappuccino

ADI ZIMMEREKNER and Pierre Fantl have a coffee lounge at Northbridge, N.S.W., which has become a rendezvous for skiers nostalgic about the snow and their favorite sport.

Well known in the Australian skiing fraternity, Adi and Pierre grew up together in Austria and both graduated from a hotel-management school in Bad Hofgastein.

Both could ski before they could walk.

Adi has been in the Austrian junior national team, won 16 trophies, and taught many famous people, including Princess Irene of Holland and Prince Raimondo Orsini. He has also skied with Princess Soraya.

At 17 Pierre was the youngest graduate from the hotel-management school.

He has worked in some of the world's best-known hotels and restaurants.

Adi and Pierre speak English, French, Dutch, Italian, and Swedish, as well as German.

Covering three walls in their coffee lounge are murals of snow scenes in Austria, Switzerland, and Australia.

Ski films are shown regularly during the year.

Comfort for distressed

MEMBERS of Sydney's Prince Henry Hospital Trained Nurses' Association have launched a £15,000 appeal for an all-denominations chapel to be built in the hospital grounds at Little Bay, N.S.W.

Association president Mrs. P. C. Cordia, a former nurse at the hospital, said the idea arose when members wanted to erect a war memorial to their nurses.

"We hit on the idea of the chapel," she said, "because all of us, in our years of nursing, have wished we could do more to comfort the distressed friends and relations of patients."

"They so often have to wait forlornly in corridors."

Mrs. Cordia, who is the daughter of the N.S.W. Premier, Mr. Heffron, said a large stone cross dominating the west wall of the chapel would be the War Memorial.

The cross will be of stones from the old hospital Gate House, demolished this year.

The chapel fund is now more than £2000.

"It will be called the Coast Chapel," said Mrs. Cordia, "because the hospital was the Coast Hospital before it was renamed in honor of the Duke of Gloucester."

SOMEONE on our staff is always on a diet, and the latest (a mother of two) quotes this from her daughter: "You're not fat, Mum. You're just lady-sized."



PIERRE FANTL (left) and Adi Zimmerebner in their coffee lounge.

NEXT WEEK:

The whole truth...

...about **Elizabeth Taylor and Frank Sinatra**



By **HEDDA HOPPER**

Begin "The Whole Truth and Nothing But," the fascinating autobiography of famous film columnist Hedda Hopper.

In next issue's first instalment she tells all about Elizabeth Taylor and Frank Sinatra.

In "The Whole Truth" about Elizabeth Taylor (whom she has known since "National Velvet" days), Hedda discusses Liz's marriages and romances.

Of Frank Sinatra (whom she likes, and who sends her flowers for Christmas and Mother's Day) she says: "He isn't the man he is sometimes painted to be—the brandy drinker who shrugs off advice."

Royal wedding souvenir

You'll want to keep this charming six-page preview of Princess Alexandra's wedding soon in Westminster Abbey. There are wonderful color pictures of the beautiful Royal bride-to-be.



Sweet and savory rice recipes

See 32 ways—from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen—to serve rice . . . hot or cold, sweet or savory, as a main dish or a featured ingredient. There are 12 savory dishes and 20 desserts.

Teenagers' Weekly . . .

A special color feature tells girls how to make four chic little protectors to keep their hair pretty in wind and rain, in evening breezes, in the shower, and even when sleeping.

now! more, more chicken

(in fact, 50% more than ever before)



Real chicken pieces in richer chicken broth mean more chicken taste! Now Maggi chefs cook three prime, plump chickens for every two they did before . . . to simmer into the most generously-flavoured chicken soup ever. The very first to put tender chicken pieces in every bowl!

Only MAGGI Soups have that real home-cooked flavour and goodness.

Television

A look at the teenage shows

By DAWN JAMES

● Sydney's television weekend is lightly peppered with teenage shows. There's one on each channel: you can keep a "Saturday Date" with Jimmy Hannan, "Sing Sing Sing" with Johnny O'Keefe, or join the crowd in Studio 22 for "The Bryan Davies Show."

CHANCES are, though, that you won't watch all three. Each show seems designed to attract a vastly different audience.

Certainly the youngest (in appeal) is "Saturday Date" (TCN9, Saturdays, 3.30 p.m.). Compere Jimmy Hannan—who charms the teenagers' mothers on the daytime quiz "Say When"—calls it a "visual hit parade," which is a nice, kind description.

Gee, it's got all the hit records. And some guest artists. But the screen is usually a blur of the young dancers in the studio audience (they are an important part of the show and they're fascinating, so serious and intent). It's all pure vintage "Bandstand," as "Bandstand" was years ago. Brian Henderson and his show have leapt ahead since time days. So perhaps it is the contrast—but I can't help feeling that "Saturday Date" is over-simplified.

I'd like to see more viewer-interest. Some teenage fashion parades, for example, or interviews with managers from other countries, or lessons in the latest dance craze, or something to give the show an identity of its own.

The show with bounce-appeal is "Sing Sing Sing" (ATN7, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.). It's usually very loud.

And while I appreciate that the studio audience is enjoying itself, surely their little distracting squeaks

and squalls could be muted?)

If you like bounce, the endless succession of guitar-strummers and undulating singers is great. Compere Johnny O'Keefe is the bounciest of the lot; you may like him or you may loathe him, but you can't ignore him. Mr. O'Keefe is a showman from top to toe.

And after an illness he's making a praiseworthy comeback. There's just one thing: on the show I do wish he would pay more attention to the camera.

Right now he looks to the left of him and he looks to the right of him—but the camera is in front of him, and Mr. O'Keefe spends most of his time ignoring it. Apart from the fact that I feel I'm missing something (what's going on at the side?), I feel left out. Please, look my way, J. O'K!

"The Bryan Davies Show" (Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.) has just begun its new-season series on ABN2, and it is unquestionably the most sophisticated of the three shows, especially now that it has jumped into a later time-slot (last year it was 6 p.m.).

At 18, Bryan Davies is startlingly self-possessed. So he is surely able to carry more of his show without the constant "help" of Neil Williams.

I know Mr. Williams is the prop-and-stay and I've heard all the light-hearted cracks they make about Neil - trying - to - take - over-the-show. The trouble

SATCHMO SCOOP

TCN9 has landed the jazz scoop of the year for Easter Saturday, April 13, at 7.30 p.m. It's the "BP Super Show"—with Louis Armstrong and his All Stars.

From Melbourne, MARGARET BERKELEY reports that 600 people crammed into GTV9's Studio 1 to watch the show being taped and to provide a wildly enthusiastic audience for "that little Arabian boy Satchmo" (which is the way the world's greatest living jazz musician described himself).

He was in top form, relaxed, and much younger-looking at 63 than anyone has a right to expect. And what a showman!

The show is straightforward and filled with the sometimes joyous, sometimes mournful sound of jazz. And it's filled, too, with the extraordinary personality of Satchmo himself as he gives with numbers like "That's Jazz," "High Society Calypso," "Blueberry Hill," and "Mac the Knife."

is that Neil just about does; he is rather too noticeable.

For all that, I watched "The Bryan Davies Show" with almost unqualified pleasure.

It's too staid, of course (WHY do we have dialogue like "Let's sing such-and-such"—"Oh, yes, that's a good idea" when the whole thing has obviously been carefully rehearsed). But it is a relaxing hour of entertainment.

★ ★ ★

ABN2 presentation announcer Martin Royal is always so smooth and polished. He rarely falls from grace, but when he does it's with a resounding clunk.

I was moved to give a low moan of horror recently when Mr. Royal was announcing the evening's programmes.

"And now," he said with a happy smile, "for Monday night on the telly..."

No, no, NO. "Telly" is an English term for television. It is just fine in England; in Australia it is both out-of-place and, I think, oddly disparaging.

So you won't use it again, will you — Martie?

★ ★ ★

DURING last week's "Perry Mason" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.) a witness was being grilled in court: How did he find out that a 10,000-dollar art object was really a worthless 50-dollar copy?

"Well," said the witness, "it was just by happenstance."

Not having happened on "happenstance" before I

checked with Webster's Dictionary. It's a colloquialism, describes a happening-due-to-circumstances, and combines the two words.

I have been thinking fondly about "happenstance" ever since. It's such a beautiful word, and—what's more—similar word combinations offer such time-saving possibilities.

Like "oooh, I'm very slislon this morning" (sleepy-due-to-television) or "are you sliet?" (slimmer - due - to - diet).

Some day we may all be jabbering in a brand-new language, just by happenstance.

New Film

★★ THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER

Women will love this film. It's a frankly sentimental story of a widower (Glenn Ford) who is trying to bring up his six-year-old son in a lush New York apartment. And there are plenty of women who'd love to marry him and be a mother to his little boy.

Shirley Jones is the down-to-earth blond divorcee across the hall, Stella Stevens is a rapid but entrancing redhead striving to acquire poise, and Dina Merrill is the high-fashion career girl whose pancake make-up never moves an inch. P.B.—Liberty, Sydney.

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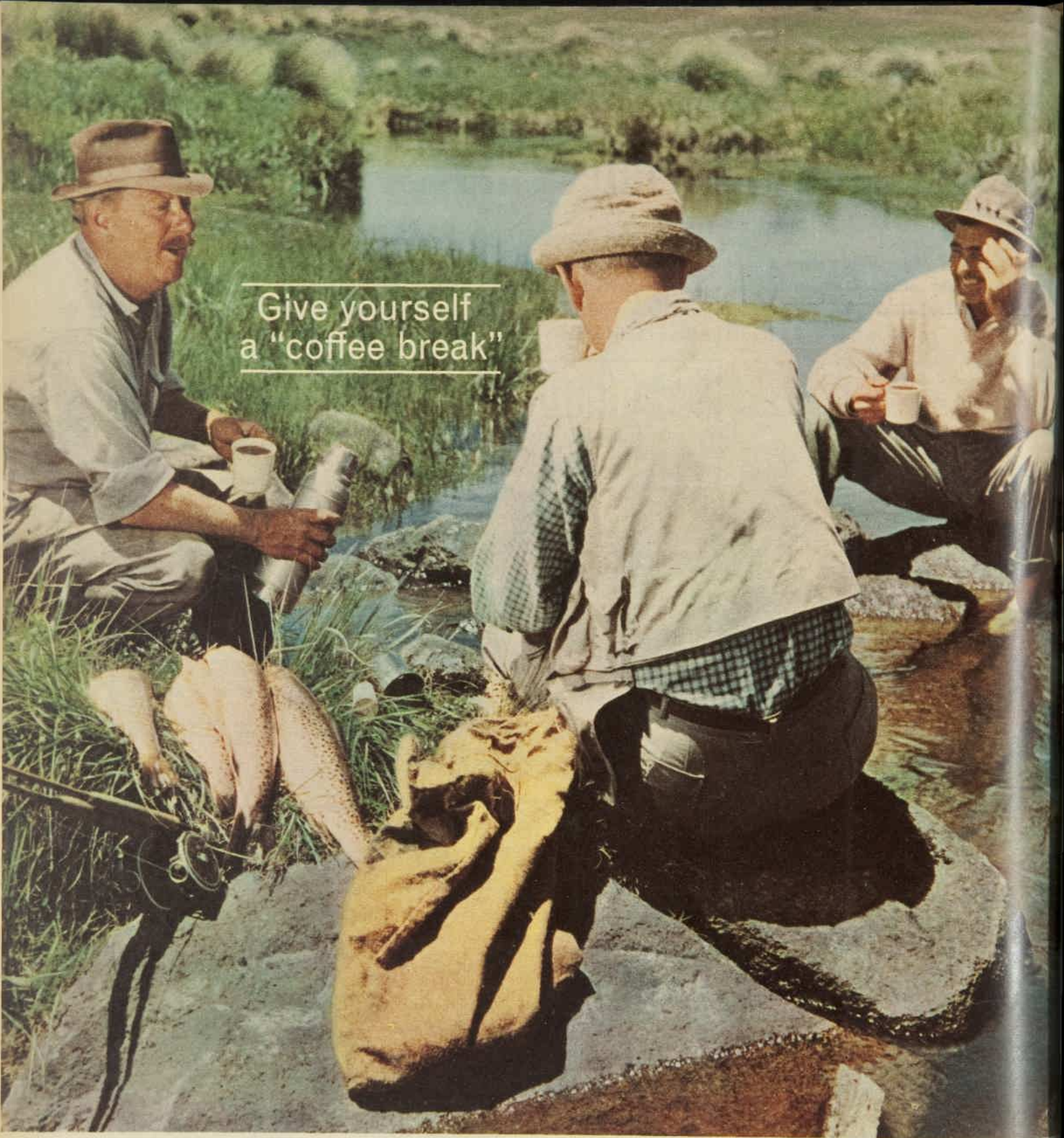
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BEN CASEY MEETS BART MAVERICK. Two of today's TV stars—Dr. Casey (Vincent Edwards, right) and Mr. Maverick (Jack Kelly) — were struggling young actors in 1955. Then they both appeared in a thriller called "The Night Holds Terror." Jack is the goodie and Vince is the oh-so-baddie and this (fascinating) film will be TCN9's Monday Movie on April 15 at 9 p.m.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



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isfaction nothing else comes close.





Television

MARGARET DAY, who is married to photographer Terry Brogan, has now recovered from a motor-cycle accident which fractured her left hip — and kept her in a wheel-chair and on crutches for 11 years.

THEY KEEP SINGING ALONG

THERE'VE been some changes made in the national variety "Mobil Limb Show" lately. But the show's vocal group (Margaret Day, Betty Parker, Johnny O'Connor, and Jimmy Parkinson) just keeps rollin'—or, rather, singin'—along.

The quartet have been singing together since the current series of the "Mobil Limb Show" began last October. Watching them work, it is obvious that they are smoothly competent.

It is also obvious that they are enjoying themselves.

In fact, there is one thing so unusual that it is worth noting about the "Mobil Limb Show" production. And this includes the stars, Bobby Limb, his wife, Dawn Lake, and all the cast.

They are exceptions to the modern image of a show-business personality: the I'm-for-me type who is tiresomely aware of his-her own importance.

Instead, the Mobil Limb people are rather like the neighbors next door—who just happen to be on television.

The cast work like a family, the sort of family that gets on well together.

Like a family, too, the show has lost some of its members—the comedy team of Barbara Wyndon and Noel Brophy.

But as a spokesman for Sydney's TCN Channel 9 (where the show is produced) emphatically pointed out, "It was all perfectly friendly. It was just that the routines Barbara and Noel were doing wouldn't always fit in with the new format planned for the show."

(And, incidentally, it is expected that Barbara and Noel will be back for guest appearances later on.)

JOHNNY O'CONNOR is a familiar face to TV viewers. So is his wife. She is well-known singer Nola Lester; they have an eight-year-old son, John. Johnny has his own "Johnny O'Connor Show" on ABC radio.

JIMMY PARKINSON, his wife, Faye, and their son Jason (2) live at Eastlakes, N.S.W. In one show or another, Jimmy has appeared continuously on TV since 1957.

BETTY PARKER, who is a small and pretty blonde, has (though it's hard to believe) a 10-year-old daughter, Linda. Betty's husband is drummer Frank Marcy.

new



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THE FOUR HAPPY NELSONS

THE NELSONS—Ozzie and Harriet (below) with their sons, Dave (top left) and Ricky—are a closely knit family both on and off TV. Father and Mother Nelson have been in show business together since 1932 when Ozzie asked his future bride to join his band as the featured vocalist. They've never looked back. Nowadays, while Ozzie is the mainstay of the TV series (he writes most of the scripts), he also watches over the independent careers of Dave and Ricky. Both boys have a number of film roles to their credit; Dave is a member of a professional trapeze troupe, too. Ricky, of course, exploded into orbit as a teenage singing idol a few years ago and he has earned several million-seller gold records. But Ozzie insists that, whatever his sons' sidelines are, they are still "the greatest" as actors. "Ricky is as good as Gary Cooper when Coop first came to Hollywood some 36 years ago," says Ozzie. "He's a natural actor. As for Dave, I think he has the makings of another Spencer Tracy." The three Nelson men join in an enthusiastic chorus to claim they are three of the luckiest in the world because they have Harriet: "a great team-mate, a lovely and affectionate wife and mother, and a real trouper," according to Ozzie. "She is sweet by nature," he says, "but don't you dare say anything uncomplimentary about her boys, or the rug will be yanked out from under you and Harriet's dainty little hands will be on the pulling end." And when Dave married recently, his wife (formerly actress June Blair) was welcomed into the family circle with open arms, both when she played herself in the TV show and in real life. Even June's wedding ring is an exact duplicate of the one Harriet wears. In fact, the show will be rather crowded with Nelsons when Ricky marries—but, he said the other day, "Mom and Dad don't have to worry about that right away."

Television



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Westinghouse

FRESH-COLD

DID YOU KNOW?

A MONUMENTAL TV series based on H. G. Wells' "The Outline of History" is the subject of talks between producer-director Peter Schary and the N.B.C. network. The series is contemplated in 50 one-hour segments, filmed around the world in documentary and dramatic form.

★ ★ ★
THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES ran away with this season's rating race in the U.S. Next season the competing networks are moving into the same time period with "Espionage," filmed in Britain for N.B.C., and "Ben Casey."

★ ★ ★
WHEN it comes to writing music for TV, Australian composer Ron Grainer is a one-man-band in himself. His score for incidental and theme music for N.B.C. series and plays has now reached the round dozen.

It includes some of the most popular and most widely different series like "Maigret" (where his music won an international award), "Stepoe and Son," Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," "The Goon Show," "It's a Square World," and the newest satirical weekly revue "That Was the Week That Was". His 12th job is a new series of "Comedy Playhouse," where he writes music for a different play every week by Gillon and Simpson, authors of "Bancroft's Half Hour," "Citizen Jones," and "Stepoe and Son." Just to fill in time ("I like to keep busy") Ron has also written the music for eight films during the past year, and is now working on a ninth.

★ ★ ★
EVE MARIE SAINT is carrying around the TV script for Somerset Maugham's "Rain," considering the starring role. This part was to have been the late Marilyn Monroe's TV debut vehicle.

Television

★ ★ ★
THE works of playwright John Van Druten (among them "Voice of the Turtle" and "Bell, Book, and Candle") have been bought by television for a reported million-dollar deal. James Stewart is mentioned as possible host to the series of 90-minute dramas. Another Van Druten play, "I Remember Mama," has already done sterling work on TV.

★ ★ ★
LUCILLE BALL'S son, Desi Arnaz IV, who has the all-time record for youngest actor on TV (his pre-natal life and birth were the subject of some old "I Love Lucy" programmes), is making a comeback. Now 10 years old, Desi IV is set to appear in a forthcoming "The Lucy Show" subtitled "Son of I Love Lucy".

★ ★ ★
PEYTON PLACE, best-selling novel and film about small-town New England, is a prospective 20th Century-Fox TV series.

★ ★ ★
PETER O'TOOLE, who became a top star overnight with his appearance in the title role of "Lawrence of Arabia," has turned down an offer of \$30,000 dollars (£A75,000) for a TV special in which he would only have to provide narration. He's "not too happy" about TV work—prefers films and stage.

★ ★ ★
A GROUP of British industrialists have applied for Government permission to set up a special TV service for industry in Britain, using the commercial wave-lengths during off-peak hours. Their aim is to provide industry and agriculture with information, market surveys, training courses, and programmes showing technical and scientific developments.



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Mamma once said: "No one realises what a great unsung hero the average farmer is. It's a hard way of making a living. When you're a farmer you're up at daybreak, work your fingers to the bone, your hands ache, your back aches, and at sundown you fall into bed exhausted. And the worries. You think you have worries in the business world. When you're a farmer you worry about grasshoppers, soil, birds, worms, no rain, too much rain. Your cows get sick; your chickens come down with a strange disease. And just when you get your crop grown and harvested the price falls. It's a hard, unrecognised way of making a living. I speak from experience, having lived on a farm as a child. So to all the young men of Australia planning on becoming farmers, may I give you this piece of advice."

Mamma's moral: If you're a young man wanting to be a successful farmer you should plan ahead, study the market, diversify your crops, and marry a VERY rich girl . . .



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The Day

It was a time for joy, so why should memories intrude? A two-part serial

THE weather, at least, was ideal. It was one of those azure days in late spring, before the season ripens into summer, stricken with sun and windless, without a cloud in the great arc of the sky. The old magnolia tree in the corner of the garden had bloomed overnight and wafted down a lemony fragrance from waxy blossoms, trembling among emerald leaves.

Old Calvin and his assortment of nephews had been grooming the lawns for days, so that they unrolled like velvet carpets toward the gateposts. The whole town of Milton, as if to honor the occasion, fulminated with flowers, ragged robin, and larkspur, purple iris, and heavy-headed peonies, and every fence was swagged in roses for Bliss Latham's wedding day.

Happy is the bride the sun shines on, I thought, and shook my head. The old saying had registered automatically in my mind, as so many ritual things that surround ceremonies seem to do. How many uncounted millions of mothers, peering at a rosy dawn, had fallen back on this bit of folklore for comfort? It did not comfort me; but then, it was too late for comforting.

While I tried to pull myself together to face the requirements of this day, I brooded on the capacity of human beings to trick out the more desperate occasions of life in tracteries of tradition, the fine lacework of legend, to embroider them with talismans, with touchstones to chance.

I went through the wide, airy corridors of the house Lewis had reared to his pride — the Latham house — which had, somehow, never managed to become a home, and down the long, curving stair, from which Bliss was destined to fling her wedding bouquet in the afternoon.

It was a beautiful house, built on a grand design, too large for our small family and too splendid for Milton, but a tribute to Lewis' flaring imagination. I have never demeaned his imagination. There are many things about Lewis you cannot help admiring.

Although it was still early, the lower floor space was already in the state of ambitious confusion attendant on such an event. The large library had been cleared to house the wedding presents, which were ranged on tables around the walls — tables dressed with white watered silk and gilt tassels and representing such an array of splendor that I felt embarrassed when I looked at them.

Gifts had arrived from all over the country, many of them deriving from Lewis' far-flung business connections, who undoubtedly wished to celebrate the marriage of his only child in the manner to which Lewis had accustomed her. Lewis had never made a secret of his penchant for his daughter. But there were others from home-town people, old friends in Milton, so expensive and grand they must in many cases have represented a sacrifice.

The tables staggered under their weight of gold and silver and crystal and porcelain, and the gifts were all neatly tallied in a white leather volume bearing Bliss' and Thad's intertwined initials. One of Lewis' secretaries had written the intricate descriptions, and I thought she would probably write the courteous little thank-you notes eventually, if I knew my daughter.

The florist's helpers were swarming through the halls and the living-room and dining-room, with their ladders and ropes of smilax, and there was the heavy fragrance of hundreds of

of the Wedding

By **MARGARET COUSINS**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

gardenias, laid out in boxes between sheets of waxed paper, which had been flown in because Bliss favored them. A forest of gold candelabra bristling with white tapers covered the dining table, waiting for disposition around the house.

The caterer's men had pre-empted the pantry and were stacking piles of white satin heart-shaped boxes containing slivers of wedding cake, on the counters, hauling in cases of champagne, and setting up bars in the morning-room and the library and on the terrace. Cora, my old cook, wandered distractedly through the melee, pushing a vacuum cleaner; after the florist's men and grumbling to herself. Three or four women in white uniforms were busy in the kitchen, and Cora was a displaced person.

Through the long french windows of the living-room I could see half a dozen workmen in overalls, raising the green-and-white-striped tent and laying the floor for dancing. A truck was unloading artificial greensward to surround the dance floor, pots of tree roses for the garden walks, and a snarl of cable and wiring for the extra lights.

Lewis, driven from his usual haunts, was having breakfast on the terrace, shouting orders to the tent-raisers and the electricians. It was impossible for him not to command, and although the workmen, obedient to their foreman or their union or whatever, were not paying him the slightest attention, he had taken charge of the situation in his usual manner.

The stubbornness of the crew was beginning to irritate him and I could see the red flush creeping up the back of his neck, which betokened explosion, so I hurried toward the terrace.

The years had been kind to Lewis. Though he'd never been a handsome man, maturity sat well on him. He had not let himself run to fat and, day after day, played his awkward tennis, which he had learned long after he was grown, in the harsh, competitive manner indicating that every serve was a mortal enemy.

His shock of dark hair had turned iron-grey and still was as thick as a brush. He wore it cut short in a stubbly crew-cut, which oddly became the hard-bitten lines of his countenance. His face was tanned from determined exposure to such athletics as golf and sailing, which had engaged his interest since his arrival at affluence.

He was a strong man. Strength emanated from him — a sort of coarse, overweening strength. There was a coarseness in Lewis that had never been modified, though I hated myself for knowing it. In a way he valued it, calling it by other names; but it was the coarseness of a great weed that chokes out more delicate life — a plant that takes over, no matter how you hack away at it — the kind of weed that produces gaudy flowers.

To page 30

*Elizabeth could not help remembering
that at seventeen Bliss had been
certain Nick was her true love.*



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FLUFFY SUNSHINE CUPCAKES

They're quick and easy - and full of rich flavour that Sunshine gives to all your cooking. Just cream 2ozs. butter with 4ozs. sugar, add 2 eggs, beat well, mix in a teaspoon vanilla essence. Measure out 2ozs. water. Sift together (this dry-mix method gives lightness) 4ozs. S.R. flour and 2ozs. SUNSHINE (that full-cream is the secret of the flavour!). Fold into mixture alternatively with the water. Drop by heaped spoonfuls into paper patty cups or straight into greased patty tins. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 20 minutes.

VARY AS YOU PLEASE: With a little nutmeg in the mix and a piece of apple in the patty cup ...with soaked dried apricot...with mixed fruits and nuts...or Choc-Bits in the mixture and decorated accordingly.

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PARIS RETURNS THE SHIFT

Paris once again says hello to the shift. "Le Shift" is moving into fashion focus.

Overleaf: Four shift patterns



● Self tabs and buttons are placed low on the classic-type tailored shift, above. The fuller-at-the-shoulder sleeves, cuffed at three-quarter length, are spring fashion news. Design by Saint-Laurent.

The shift was in every spring collection, and within a week of the showings it was selling in every Paris shop. The shift is descended from Christian Dior's sack, but it is not shapeless like the sack. The current version has a closer fit achieved via seaming; it does bypass the waist, but does not fully camouflage the figure. The shift right now looks like being the hit dress of 1963. It comes in scores of materials and the choice of material governs its degree of formality. The shift represents modern chic at its best. It can now be listed as a classic—meaning a fashion to wear year in and year out.

—BETTY KEEP

● Shift in twine-colored wool by Guy Laroche. Very 1963—the shapelier waist-skimming silhouette and matching helmet-type hat.

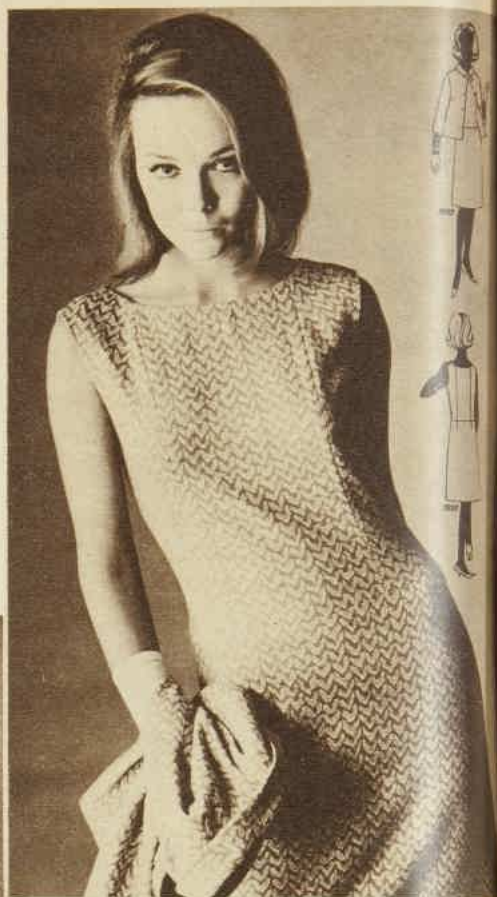


● Saint-Laurent designed this Empire-line shift in grey flannel. The shift, worn with a white hat, gloves, and neck scarf, is already a best-seller.

TO MAKE FROM A PATTERN

Shifts are on a new fashion boom; make one yourself

● Here are four new designs for the home dressmaker who likes to follow current fashion. Send for one now for budget - sewing. Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders.



7830.—Shift and matching jacket (above). Clever seaming shapes the dress. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 5/.



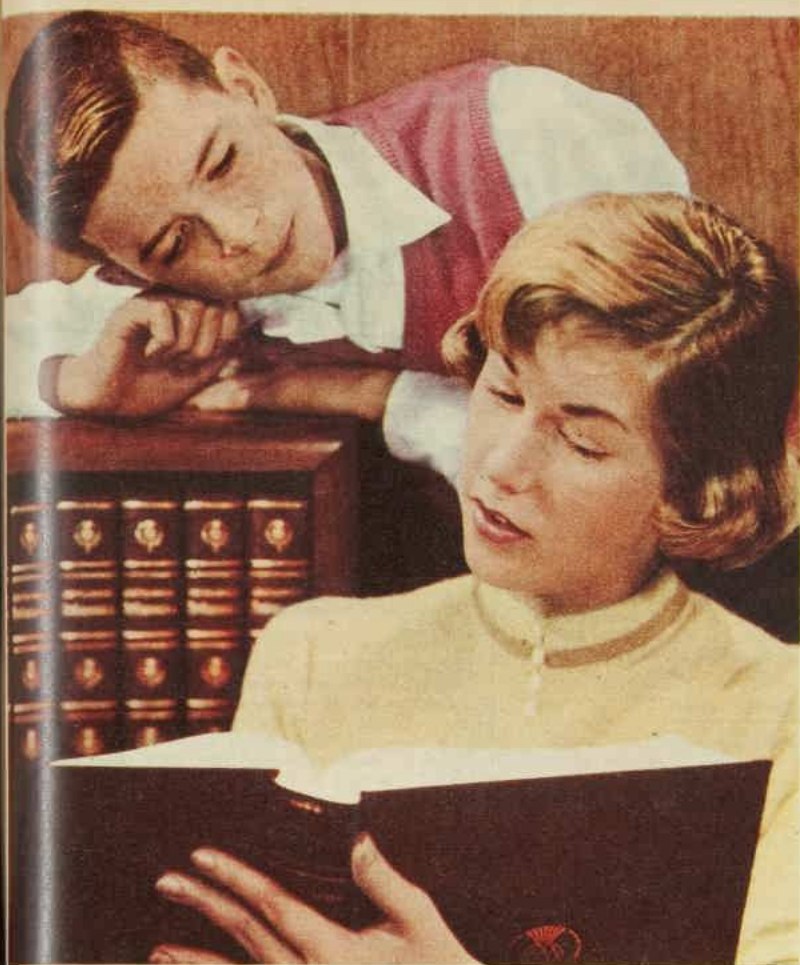
7831.—Smart coat-dress shift (below). The design has straight-cut lines; the neckline has a soft back cowl. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



7832.—Feminine evening shift (above) finished with wide self-material shoulder-straps floating in two back panels. Twin bows trim the panels. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

7833.—Slender-line front-buttoned shift (right). The half-belt is placed high; white cuffs finish the narrow sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material and 1/2yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.





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LETTER BOX

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He opens her mail

MY husband is a pet, but he has one fault which I find hard to take. He always opens my mail. Should it be a circular — such as a spring fashion show or art exhibition — he immediately puts it in the wastepaper basket, and if it is a personal letter, and I am present, he proceeds to read it aloud to me. This behaviour infuriates me, but I can't get him to understand this.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Five" (name supplied), North Perth, W.A.

"Pop" singer at 20 months

AT the age of 18 months my son started singing nursery rhymes—word perfect. Now, at 20 months, he has started to sing "pop" tunes and memorise pages of story-books. All my friends and relatives say how clever and forward he is, and I'm wondering if other mothers have found their children singing songs at such an early age.

£1/1/- to "Curious" (name supplied), Highgate Hill, Qld.

Her problem's a treble chin

I AM 38 years old and I find on looking in the glass that I have a shocking treble chin! I am not fat anywhere else. It may be something to do with my life at present, i.e., I might be eating a bit much as I am mostly on my own during the day. In any case, I would be very grateful if any reader has a suggestion which would help do away with a treble chin.

£1/1/- to "Farmer's Wife" (name supplied), Wodonga, Vic.

It was 91 at The Alice

AUSTRALIA does not feature largely in the news in English papers, but events such as the Royal visit and Test cricket do bring it into prominence. Many papers give a round-up of world temperatures recorded at noon the previous day in some of the major capital cities. Australian cities are rarely quoted, but heading the list in one paper on the day after the Queen's visit was: "Alice Springs, 91 degrees."

£1/1/- to Jean Groves, London, U.K.

The boy's quite a handful

AFTER three placid tractable daughters our son and heir was born. Gone are the quiet afternoon sessions of ironing, catching up on letter-writing, etc., while daughters lie placidly playing with dolls. Now I'm either bombarded with blocks or any other available toy or frantically tearing through the garden to prevent him uprooting one of my favorite plants. Do mothers who produce three sons and then have a daughter go through the same thing but in reverse?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Pat Lloyd, Elizabeth Downs, S.A.

SCHOOL MUU-MUU

"PAR-BOILED" (Qld.) says that her eight-year-old daughter was reprimanded by the teacher for wearing a muu-muu to school during a heatwave. But did she ask for the teacher's story, or did she rush into print on the child's story alone? She will probably find that the teacher's objection was not to the muu-muu itself but to the unsuitability of wearing exaggerated fashions to school. I would censure any child in my class who came to school in questionably fashionable dress, no matter how "sensible" it appeared.

£1/1/- to "Chalkie" (name supplied), Victor Harbor, S.A.

THE teacher very definitely is old-fashioned and unreasonable and apparently an iceberg unaffected by the heat herself. A girl of eight — even in a mixed class — couldn't possibly cause a disruption by not being adequately clad. Surely in a heatwave children as well as adults can wear loose, light clothing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Amos, Stth. Yarra, Vic.

TEACHER was right. Climatic conditions are very severe in Townsville, but children by the thousands wear a school uniform. Discipline must be adhered to and no exception made for "Mother's special little girl."

£1/1/- to "Hard Boiled" (name supplied), Townsville, Qld.

I AGREE with "Par-Boiled." In recent heatwaves I have been tempted to send my children to school in muu-muus but have been deterred at the thought of the teacher's remarks. I think a modified muu-muu-type uniform in a cool color or stripe would be a most practical solution. And sandals should be worn instead of hot socks and lace-up shoes.

£1/1/- to "Coolness" (name supplied), Manly, Qld.

SCHOOLBOYS can get away with a shirt and shorts and are reasonably cool, but most girls' uniforms are tunic types with a blouse. This means they are wearing about four thicknesses of clothing. Surely they could wear a cool dress without fuss being made. After all, teacher wears her coolest dress; why not pupil?

£1/1/- to "Little Mo" (name supplied), Lane Cove, N.S.W.

I AGREE with the teacher. School uniforms are out of place at the beach and muu-muus likewise have their own time and place.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Walsh, Bicton, W.A.

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Ross Campbell writes...

WE stopped at a park because my youngest daughter said she wanted a swing-swing.

I have been pushing children in swings, on and off, for years. So I look at the swings and other equipment in parks with a practised eye.

At a glance I can assess the risk of falling off a jungle gym. I can tell whether a slippery-dip is too high and judge its wearing effect on pants.

The swings at this park were not impressive. They were too low. You have to give a low swing more pushes than a high one, and it is less fun to ride on.

Moreover, the swing on which I pushed Baby Pip had a pool of water under it, and it made a dismal whee-whah noise.

They don't look after their swings in this district, I thought.

Some people judge a council by its rates, or its roads, or its garbage collection. To my mind you only have to ride on one of its swings.

If the swing is smooth, well oiled, silent, that is a good council. If it

SWINGALONG WITH STOOGEE

goes whee-whah, that council has become complacent and needs a shake-up.

A go-ahead council also takes a pride in its see-saws. I noticed signs of this on a recent visit to the city of Goulburn.



In a park there the see-saws are fitted with shock-absorbers.

Anyone who spends much time on a see-saw knows its chief disadvantage — it bumps you when it hits the ground.

But in this park at Goulburn old

motor tyres have been stuck in the ground under each end of the see-saw. The result is the most comfortable see-saw I have seen — or saw.

To go back to the swing-swing I was giving Baby Pip. While I was pushing her a boy came and sat on the next swing.

"Can you work yourself up?" said Pip. She has a great respect for children who can work themselves up on a swing.

"Of course I can," said the boy, and began to do so. At the same time he wobbled dangerously from side to side.

Two of his friends came along and made a noise, asking him for a go on the swing.

I am afraid the company on swings often gets too rowdy. I took Pip away for a go on the slippery-slide. The whee-whah noise was getting on my nerves, anyhow.

"When I'm a big girl I'm going to stand on the swing," said Pip.

I shall then be able to retire from swing-pushing. But what I gain on the swings I shall probably lose on the roundabouts.

A Sunday visit

Too much kindness will often stifle a spirit of independence . . . a charming short story

By ANNE SAYRE



While Mrs. Burdett and Martha stood waiting, Jessica said to Alice, "I wish you'd visit me in New York."

ON fine Saturdays and Sundays, often there were a number of people to be found visiting the Pomeroy sisters. Cars would be drawn up in their drive, several deep; tea would be served, in Canton cups, with molasses cakes. The Pomeroy girls (Martha was thirty-three and Alice thirty-one) now lived all the year round in the old family place in Duxbury, in a house which dated back to the seventeenth century, had thick and wavering glass in its many tiny window-panes, and which was as small and quaint as a witch's cottage in a fairy-tale.

Tourists passing on fine summer Sundays would slow down and peer from their cars at the house and the crowded drive, expecting to see a sign framed in wrought iron and announcing the availability of teas, lunches, pastries.

But the house was inconveniently located, and many, if not most, of the friends of the Pomeroy girls were middle-aged or elderly people who were not so much fair-weather friends as merely prudent about damp and cold and the possibility of chills.

On a nice day the Pomeroy girls expended their hospitality to the limit. Martha fluttering like a plump, glistening dove, and Alice frail, rigid and immobile in her wheelchair. In bad weather they sat alone.

Alice was, of course, the objective of the calls; at the age of twenty-two she had come down with polio and had never since walked. An air of multiple tragedy surrounded her. Not only had her mild but pretty and pleasant youth been abruptly terminated (and there was a legend, which grew in plausibility with time, about a broken engagement and an abandoned marriage) but her mother had died from the shock, and Martha's young womanhood had been permanently blighted.

It was a situation that cried out for that sort of charity the more difficult to give because the recipients were neither old nor poor, because nothing really could be done except to take out the car on a Sunday afternoon and leave first the heavy traffic and then the network of back roads in order to sit for a while and cheer Alice up.

Lavinia Burdett was one of the dedicated callers, but being a woman who preferred organised to casual charity she made a point of calling on the third Sunday of each month. Nothing deterred her; the thick sheets of rain which were obscuring a landscape poised for the onset of winter and the damp chill which penetrated her car she ignored with determination.

She sat in the back of the car holding in her lap a small potted plant swathed in newspaper, a book wrapped in tissue, and a stack of magazines fringed with slips of paper that marked articles of particular interest to an invalid. The book and the articles were all cheerful and tranquillising, all boding good.

Tranquillity was one of Lavinia Burdett's aims. Serenity was her lifelong objective, and she achieved it in subtle ways: by staying in her summer house at Pride's Crossing long after summer had departed, and by not returning to Boston before snowfall; by keeping her floors glacially polished and uncarpeted, by selecting plain and light and delicious food for her table, by avoiding in conversation all topics which were depressing, by reading Emerson and Thoreau, and by watching with interest the procession of migratory birds across her lawn.

But today, although she tried to think tranquilly and encourage herself by contemplating the pleasure she was about to bring to poor Alice Pomeroy, Mrs. Burdett was disturbed. She was sharing the back of her car with her daughter Jessica, who had to Mrs. Burdett's regret chosen this particular weekend to make one of her very infrequent visits.

The weekend had become rather crowded, and because it was crowded with Jessica, uncomfortable. Jessica lived and worked in New York and she had so many interests of her own that she might as well have been a foreigner.

To her mother, she even looked like a foreigner. Jessica had come wearing a plain black frock and no hat, and she had put all of her weekend luggage into a small briefcase. In tribute to the country and to the cold, late autumn, Mrs. Burdett felt that most women would have chosen tweeds and flat-heeled shoes.

Jessica might have come direct from some office, or from some social gathering at once frivolous and brisk, like a cocktail party or a business lunch, and she had brought her usual, indifferent air of making no concessions.

Now, bundled in an old mackintosh borrowed from her mother and propped silently in a corner of the car, Jessica was smoking a great many cigarettes with determination. In pro-

test against the smoke, Mrs. Burdett had opened a window, and a lash of rain fell intermittently upon Jessica's smooth, young, sleepy-remote face.

Enfolded in boredom, she seemed to her mother unwholesome, ill, and not so much in the flesh as in the spirit. She looked as she always did, Lavinia Burdett thought with resentment, secretive, self-contained, withdrawn.

It was disturbing. What rags of conversation existed for exchange had already been shredded fine, and what now remained were the naked bones of an old hostility. Despite Lavinia Burdett's craving for tranquillity, opposition was in the air.

Mrs. Burdett sighed and wiped a misted patch clear on a window, sturdily surveying the drenched, glassy landscape. "I enjoy this time of year in the country," she observed, as if politely to break the silence. "The woods are very beautiful—and smell the rain!"

Jessica, wincing under a fine cold spray of rain, regarded the scenery without enthusiasm. "If you like it," she said. "I was noticing from the train how close it is to winter up here. In the city one doesn't notice the seasons so much."

"I daresay," Mrs. Burdett agreed. "In New York one doesn't notice very much. I've frequently observed it. Nature doesn't exist. Shopwindow seasons are all you have. Not that people there stop to notice anything anyway. Why," she said, laughing with sudden sharpness, "to them Christmas is nothing more than that tree in Rockefeller Plaza."

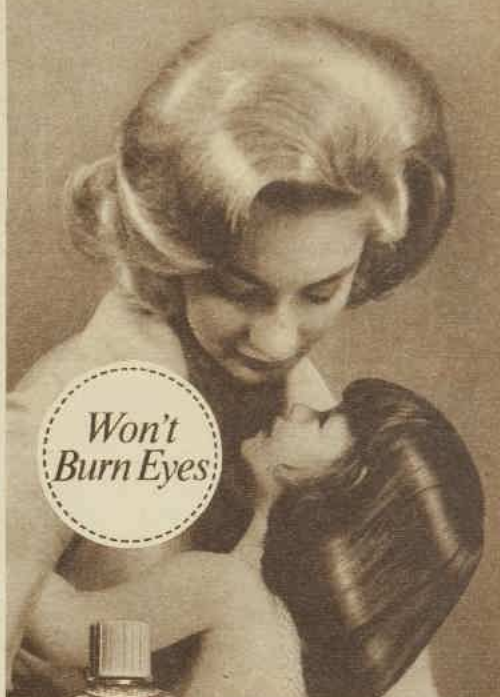
"I don't know," Jessica yawned. "I suppose people are too busy to hang open-mouthed on the fall of a leaf. Anyway, why should winter be pushed down one's throat? Shopwindows are at least pretty."

"But artificial," Mrs. Burdett said, sweetly. "Nothing real—like that." She waved her hand at a passing patch of woods, naked and shivering. "New York is artificial: the people, the standards, the climate. I suppose you've never noticed?"

"Not particularly," Jessica flicked her cigarette out the window. "Do you mind if we have this window closed

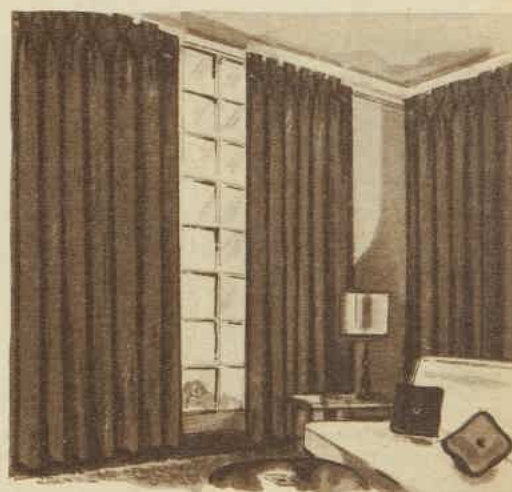
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Continuing . . . THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

Lewis exhibited this in his taste in clothes. No matter who his tailor or his barber, they never managed to make him into the gentleman he meant to become. He wouldn't listen to anybody.

As I left the uproar of the house and walked across the terrace I could not keep from thinking how different this all was from my own wedding day—Lewis' and mine. I did not want to think about my wedding day, especially now. I had never thought much about it, putting it behind me and locking the door, the way you do with things you find difficult to explain; but now I thought of it, and the memory was like a shooting pain, after all these years.

"Good morning, Lewis," I said. "We've really got a fine day."

"Where's Bliss?" he asked without preamble. Lewis had never got around to the niceties of small talk. He had been too busy, I guess; but he was by nature a blunt man, and I daresay his single-mindedness and inability to indulge in fripperies were partly responsible for his success.

"Still sleeping, I hope," I said carefully. "There really isn't much reason for the bride to be up at dawn."

"What time did she get in last night? I thought I heard some kind of racket about four this morning. There isn't any reason for the bride to stay out all night, either."

"You're going to have to learn

from page 23

to give Bliss up, Lewis," I said. "After today she isn't going to be your little girl. She's going to be Mrs. Thaddeus Mercer, the Third."

"Don't psychoanalyse me," Lewis said. "Bliss will always be my little girl. Where the devil is Cora? I want hot coffee. I didn't sleep a wink."

"I'll get it," I said hastily, glad to escape. Lewis' reports of his insomnia were usually exaggerated, but I did not want to get on the subject of last night. I was incapable of discussing it, for too much was hanging in the balance.

I had no idea whether he had heard us moving about in the small

hours or whether he knew anything about what had happened, but I didn't want to know. I wanted to forget all about it, at least until the wedding was over and a modicum of safety had set in.

"I don't like the way she looks," Lewis said when I came back with the coffee-pot. "She's got a funny look in her eyes. She looks beat."

"Well, of course she's worn out," I said. "This wedding has been going on for at least three weeks. It's like a tribal ceremony. Everybody in Milton has had to give a party—between you and the Mercers—and you can't go to three parties a day for three weeks without being exhausted."

"It's a lot of damn nonsense,"

Lewis said, "you'd think the boy of Milton had thought up the whole idea."

"I don't think you can discuss the possibility," I said. "Bliss has always been a little princess. Now Milton is her country. Now it's time for her to get married."

It's a curious thing about a boy like Milton, bred in democratic principles and yet producing its aristocracy, as if it were some feudal State, exerting its peculiar pressures on the vulnerable young. How many girls have persuaded themselves, or been persuaded of mind, by the inference of a society, and how many young men as well?

The fetish of being a bride outweighed the responsibilities of the marriage contract. How often they look beyond the white steed and stephanotis to the long, common years and the terrifying necessities implied by joining forces with another human being? Milton was eager for a sumptuous wedding, to relieve tedium and balance the local economy.

"I think that's a lot of hogwash," Lewis said. "Thad Mercer is the most eligible man in town. He made her choice."

"Do you think Thad loves her?" I asked wistfully.

"How the devil should I know?" Lewis replied with growing asperity. "I suppose he does or he wouldn't have let himself in for it."

"Bliss is also eligible," I said. "You must know that."



"He's lucky to get her," Lewis shouted. "She'll make him a damn good wife."

"That's quite another thing," I said. "It's an important thing, but it's different."

"You're getting beyond me," Lewis said. "I don't want to be tangled up in your neurotic philosophies this morning."

"Do you think Bliss loves him?" I asked.

"Of course she does," Lewis said. "Or, if she don't, she'll learn to."

Lewis became ungrammatical when he was upset, so I thought it would be useless to pursue the conversation.

Do you ever learn to, I wondered. Is love all a sort of romantic nonsense, the biological attraction between young animals, which goes with its season, or is it not some mystery of the spirit—the force of selflessness—which can be neither engendered nor controlled? If we can learn, why hadn't I?

"Thad's a damn smart fellow," Lewis said. "He'll provide for her."

But there's more, I wanted to cry out. There's more than that. Material provision is an honorable thing, but it's nothing to do with the core of the matter. It's part of being a good citizen and living up to your word, fulfilling a contract, and all that; but the essence of marriage is that curious sharing, the humility in which both must engage, the willingness to forever put another above oneself.

"I'm sure he will," I said. "He'll be a perfect son-in-law." I could not resist it. It was one of the things I had never been able to discipline out of myself. Now then I had to take advantage of him.

"I despise cracks," Lewis said, his eyes turned steely. "If you want

To page 46



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1964

Three-page feature
on home decorating

The magic of color

• You can be your own home decorator and achieve fascinating results if you follow a few simple rules for using colors.



DARK WALLS tend to make a room smaller, cosier, and warmer. Color theme for this sitting-room could be gold and olive-green (harmonious colors), with accents of hot-pink (complementary to the others). Walls, olive-green, ceiling, gold; tufted rug of gold with design in hot-pink; sofa, olive-green, with gold and hot-pink cushions; armchairs, beige.

FROM the diagram of a color wheel on this page, you will see that there are only three primary colors — red, yellow, and blue. All other colors are mixtures of these three.

There are warm colors and cool colors. Red, orange, and yellow are warm, while blue, green, and purple are cool.

White, pure greys, and black are neutral.

White is popular in contemporary homes. Large expanses of white make a room look bigger, but they are not restful to live with.

Used for ceiling and woodwork, white gives a

crisp finish to a scheme and looks light and fresh.

To get the best effect in any room you should make one color dominant. If colors are used in even proportions, the eye will be drawn in several directions at once and you will lose the well-knit look of unity.

When dealing with colors you often hear people talking about tints, shades, and hues, but you may not be sure what they mean.

A tint is a color plus white; a shade is a color plus black, or with a little of its complement added; and a hue is a color plus a little of another color that's close to it on the wheel.

For the inexperienced decorator the monochromatic scheme is the easiest to create successfully.

A monochromatic scheme is built around just one color. Shades, tints, and hues of the color are used to give variety, but the impression is one of continuity.

For example, if you choose gold carpeting, walls might be gold ivory, ceiling and woodwork white, furnishings in darker gold than the carpet, and soft drapes in several shades, from pale maize through to bronze.

For the more adventurous, a harmonious scheme is quite simple to achieve effectively by using two colors which are adjacent on the color wheel.

With gold carpeting as the base again, the room would take on quite a different look with the addition of chairs upholstered in brilliant chartreuse and curtains in springlike leaf-green.

Another two-color scheme can be in complementary harmony.

The complement of a color is its direct opposite on the color wheel.

Keeping to the gold carpet and pale ivory walls, you would pick out the opposite color on the wheel—violet.

At first glance the combination of these two colors looks suitable for a theatre poster, but quite out of place in the living-room. But if you use a deep shade of violet, a dusky grape color, you will have a subtle contrast, pleasant to live with.

Many people find three color combinations difficult to organise, and are afraid of making a room look like a circus. But remember that you don't just pick three colors from the wheel and distribute them in even amounts around the walls.

If gold is the dominant color, used for flooring and for walls, then the opposite color, a shade of violet, can be used for upholstery, and a tint of another color such as lime green or aqua, in small amounts, for drapes or cushions.

Color psychology

The psychological effect of colors and color combinations in the home plays a vital and important part in your life.

The time you take to do the washing-up, to get to sleep at night, or to get up in the morning, may all depend on the color of your walls.

The kitchen and laundry are the work centres of the house and they should be decorated to look cheerful and gay — but beware of carnival effects or you may

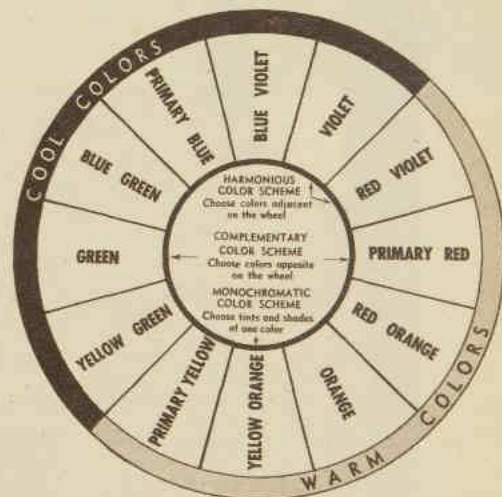


DIAGRAM of a color wheel. Instructions for choosing color schemes which are harmonious, complementary, or monochromatic are given in the centre. Most paint-shops can provide a colored version of this.

coax yourself away from work altogether.

Sunshine-yellow is guaranteed to put the cook in a good mood, especially if it's used on a pretty flowered wallpaper.

Suggested scheme for kitchen: Walls, yellow and white wallpaper; cupboards, lemon; ceiling, white; woodwork, white; floor, tan and white tiles; curtains, yellow, white, tangerine, and lime-green.

Children find strong primary colors exhilarating. You can really let your head go in a child's room and combine vivid shades of red and blue, green, yellow and orange.

Suggested scheme for children's rooms: Walls, royal-blue and white patterned washable wallpaper; ceiling, white; woodwork, white; flooring, grey; bedcover, red, with blue - and - white

cushions; curtains, red-and-white gingham.

A striking, colorful entrance will make a lasting impression on guests—you don't spend enough time in it to get tired of it, so you can indulge in something exotic here.

Rely on welcoming colors such as pale blue combined with soft grey and gold or warm red with gold.

Suggested scheme for entrance hall: Walls, white, with feature wall of oriental-red and gold wallpaper; ceiling, gold; woodwork, white; flooring, natural or off-white

Continued page 34

Each room
has its own
color problem
—page 33



COLORS and their patterns can alter the apparent dimensions of a room. This small dining-room gains spaciousness from light wallpaper and the strong vertical stripes which tend to "lift" ceiling.

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"Eloise? I've found that Mrs. Gaskell you wanted. I'll leave it here on your table, shall I?" Alan went whistling off to his shower. Nothing but briskness surrounded him: the needling of water, the roughness of the towel, the necessity of his great-uncle's death. After all, how many years had you after 78? Infirmary might set in, or some cruel disease. What he planned was a kindness.

Mrs. Cornish was excited and pale at dinner. That wasn't Mrs. Gaskell, Alan! It was someone far more enlightening.

"Not Mrs. Gaskell?" Alan looked indignant. Then they gave it to me by mistake, and I'll bring it back to you with me in the morning. Do every bookshelf in the country. Do you know," said Mrs. Cornish intensely, "that we are being poisoned by what we eat? All of us?"

"Oh, come now, Eloise—" "But we are. Think of the insecticides used in the growing process, and the preservatives. It goes back to the very wheat."

"Well, but in such small doses." Alan 78, said Mrs. Cornish, staring at this poison. In addition, I am absorbing fall-out."

A silence fell. Alan ate his cold chicken and mashed potatoes and salad, noting with a flicker of his eye that his great-uncle, barely touched her food. He said as he gathered up both their plates, "Ice-cream, Eloise?"

"No, thank you, Alan. I've had my cream," she said. "I implore you read this book."

She had never weighed much, 105 at the most, and her new fear shrank her to complete emaciation. When Alan set tempting meals before her, in her bed now, she saw only carcinogens, tars, and chemicals; she would lift a fork, hesitate, and lay it down again.

Alan called her doctor. Before he did, he told her about this book you've read. You know doctors. He'll either give you pills—Mrs. Cornish hated pills—or a shot. Mrs. Cornish hated shots even more. "and he'll think—Well, you and I know you're as clear as a bell, but they're great ones for rushing older people off to nursing-homes. You know, they think you have a bee in your bonnet."

THE DOOMSDAY BOOK

Mrs. Cornish gazed exhaustedly up at him from her pillow. "Here you are," said Alan heartily, offering a spoonful of stew. And the great-uncle looked at it and turned her head away.

The doctor came. He examined Mrs. Cornish and took her outside to Alan. "At Mrs. Cornish's age, malnutrition is the shock of the hospital might undo drop by, but call me if there's any change."

There was a change. Mrs. Cornish's stomach was unable to tolerate the medicine the doctor sent, and the resultant nausea gave her an even stronger aversion to food. The local grocers, and the practical nurse who came in when Mrs. Cornish was no longer able to leave her bed, were touched by Alan's plan. "I'll do it," said Mrs. Cornish. He had read the little dark green book and he knew exactly what to buy.

FEBRUARY became March, and a new green book was blasting about the house. Mrs. Cornish's wasted and vulnerable body, so long immune to even a common cold, succumbed to pneumonia in less than forty-eight hours. Although she had lived so much alone during the last years of her life, she was buried with considerable pomp: the list of pallbearers bristled with dignitaries.

People touched Alan's arm with sympathy, and reflected upon how fortunate it was that the final months of a lonely old woman had been warmed by companionship. And Alan did look strained and sleepless. Toward the end in the presence of her doctor and the practical nurse, Mrs. Cornish had uttered fervently, "Alan, that book—that book"—and although it had been put down as the wanderings of an unknowing mind, Alan was desperately anxious to get rid of the dark green book.

He did not dare burn it, as the immaculate fireplace had held the same ritual logs for uncounted years and this was the kind of tiny detail that had overthrown many a successful scheme. He did not even dare throw it away, because in her first appalling illness Mrs. Cornish had made a number of notes in the



text and the margins. They were written in a tiny, black ink, identical to the one who should raise a question.

The book had to go somewhere where no one had ever heard of Mrs. Whitman Cornish.

Alan pondered that, and presently arrived at a solution that made him smile in the total silence of the house. While leafing idly through magazines at his great-uncle's bedside in those hot days, he had come on one of those chatty columns chronicling the activities of what was a kind of club of oldsters. That week he visited Mrs. James Whitman at her charming apartment in the Hotel Gaylor.

Brisk now, Alan wrapped the invaluable dark green book in brown paper and addressed it to Mrs. James Whitman, Hotel Gaylor, New York City. He felt so lighthearted that he had to resist allotting Charming Apartment a line of its own. In the same mood he took it to the main post office, where he was not Alan Cornish, but Alan Whitman.

The clerk weighed the book. "How do you want this to go?" Alan gave his boyish, blue-eyed smile. "Educational material," he said.

The silence of the house, and the lost echo of Mrs. Cornish's once-brisk activities did not bother him in the least. When he thought of her it was with compunction—the way it was with compunction he had dried thousand-dollar-after taxes—and a kind of tolerant contempt.

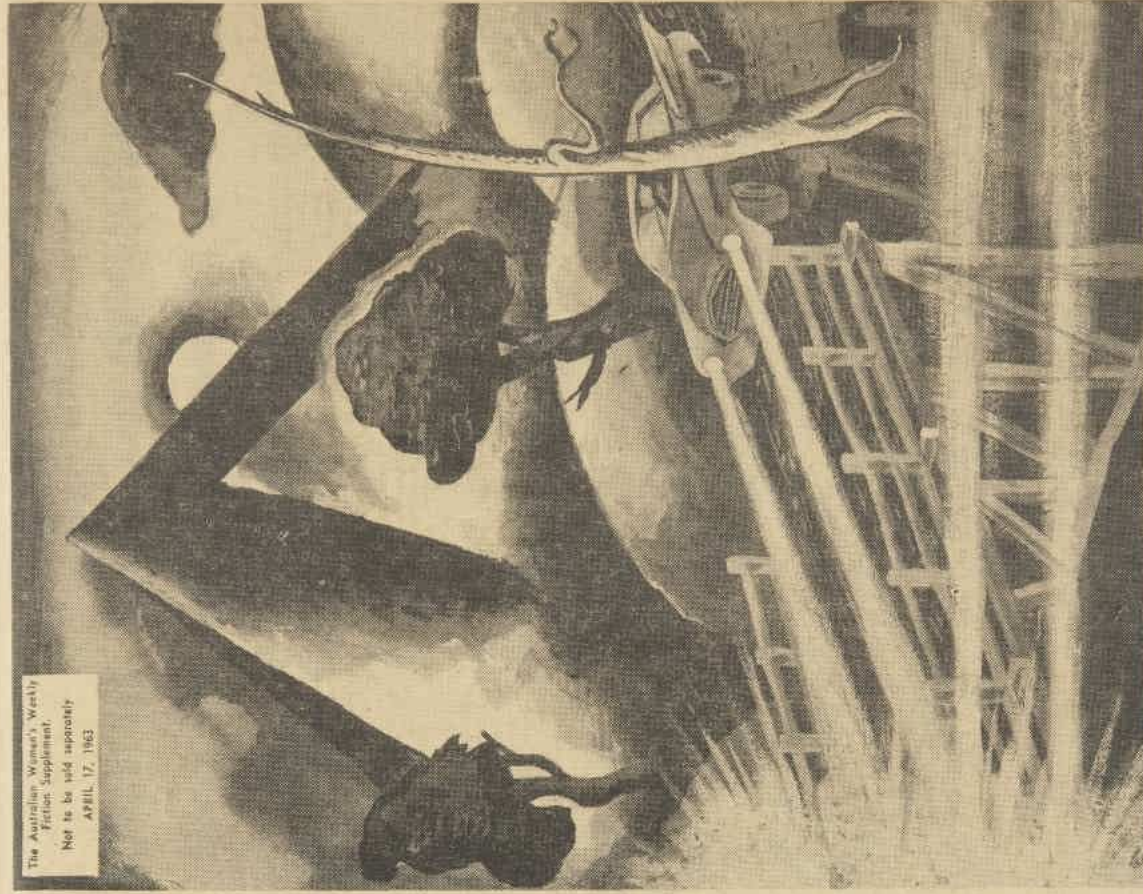
She had thought to trap him and in time to trap him; she had dared to whistle him to heel, and for all her sharp eyes and her great nose she had accepted like a child the absurd dictums of the dark green book.

For instance—Alan glanced down at the excellent dinner he had prepared for himself with the aid of the book. He had seen the food on his plates and the plump brown chicken and asparagus and the waiting gingerbread with its foamy topping of whipped cream, but a mass of deadly poisons. Little sickle-shaped things, little rod-shaped things, ready to join the enemy already lodged eagerly in her tissues.

He went on staring at his dinner. He put down his fork . . .

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THE MIRROR ON THE BRIDGE
A novel by CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG
PLUS
THE DOOMSDAY BOOK
a short story
By URSULA CURTISS

more. She said, "Sybil, remember you've been living all alone. You've been spending too much time just going over and over the past. You haven't been having any fun."

To Helen's slight surprise, this line of talk seemed to be having an effect.

"No, I haven't," Sybil said almost tearfully. "I've been lonely. I hope you never have to be so lonely."

"Sybil, dear," said Helen. "You are young and attractive. You should have fun."

HER face was losing the look of white rage. "Nobody hates you," Helen continued. "Nobody wants to hurt you."

"I have been hurt," . . . Oh, I have been hurt. . . . But not by an automobile. Nobody wanted to run you off the road," Helen was feeling encouraged, and she went too far.

"Sybil, you'll feel better if you will just think a moment. The reason we know it couldn't have been Dorry . . . You said you saw her face in the driver's seat? Two feet away?"

"I saw her. I know that. Hanging out her window. Hating me."

"Ah, no," said Helen, meaning, "because Dorry's car has a right-hand drive. So can you couldn't have. It's a little English car."

Sybil sat very still. The devil was intelligent in his way. "You must put it all down," said Helen. "To feeling upset, and brooding too much. Now, Dorry body wants to help you. She's not going to be afraid of it. You must just think. Think about it, Sybil."

The door flew open and there was Bart.

"Where's Dorry?" he demanded. Sybil dragged her thick lashes up.

"She's all right," said Helen, meaning Sybil, meaning Dorry, meaning everybody.

"What's happened to Dorry?"

"Oh, she just kept away. Helen said, "Sybil's feeling much better. She realises, now, that Dorry couldn't have been driving her car on the bridge."

"Oh, yes, I realise. Now," Sybil said, "she looked at Bart and he looked at her and Helen and Sybil said, 'So it was you, driving on the right-hand side.'"

Bart started toward her. Sybil ran on the carpet. She ran to the sliding glass. She tugged at it.

"Where are you going?" cried Helen.

"You tell me she couldn't have been driving. Then he was! Then I saw her. I did! Did I do you think I'm crazy? Do you think I don't know what I see?"

"Sybil, will you please?"

"Sybil said, 'Don't come near me.' She yanked the sliding screen back. She went out upon the balcony. Helen said, 'Be careful, Bart.' Her hand was at her soft throat. "Where is James?"

"I don't know," Bart said. He walked toward the glass wall. Behind him, Helen Mallory stood up and started toward the telephone. Bart stood in the opening from

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They whirled toward the exit. Bart was phony. Could she tell the old man that? "Daddy?" Bart began to move back and forth gesturing and mimicking.

"She doesn't want that old print of her Daddy's. Listen! I had to rescue it from her wastebasket years and years ago. She not only didn't know what it was but had never bothered to find out."

"She's given me a considerable amount of hell for fishing it out of the trash and having it framed. For twelve years that I know of it on my wall that she didn't sneer at me all over again, or deriding it. Jink, Dorry, I'm sorry . . ."

"No, no. Go on," Dorry said. She was thinking he had to tell her what he was thinking and feeling. He was to be able to tell her what he was thinking and feeling. I am his wife now. He needs to be able to tell me. Under these thoughts there were other layers, curiosity and shock.

Bart said, "I offered to send the print down to her, but no. Soema she wants to look over Daddy's books. Listen, Sybil, never read a book in her life! Furthermore, she is not only not sentimental about her dear old Daddy, she happened to loathe him!"

"Was he very well aware that he was on his last legs when we were being divorced?" Dorry asked. "Being divorced, he had the right on him. He had got a nice bit of change out of his estate and I did not." Bart looked at her and said, "What terrible things to say! Eh? But true."

"Oh, Bart," said Dorry sadly. She herself was always wounded by ugliness. Anger distressed her. That's not what got me so much. When she said she'd like to see his house once more. At her house, not at her house. What you don't know is that Sybil hated this house with a passion that she trapped on herself into giving me a divorce on account of it. And that's a truth I happen to know."

"So what she is up to, who can say. But I do not believe in her sentimentality. I know better. I know Dorry. I know very well. She knew now what Sybil's coming meant. It meant that there had been a bitterness and Dorry had to way to understand it. It meant the bitterness was not dead yet."

Dorry said aloud, "Bart, did you think I wouldn't imagine there had been any bitterness?"

He said, "So help me, I've tried to be the little gent, but it doesn't come natural."

"It was war," he said solemnly. "Everything I've ever done was done in spite of her. I'm the artist. I'm supposed to be erratic. But I can tell you there's nothing like the erratic behaviour of a woman with the short view. She doesn't know there's discipline, period."

"We fought! Times I should take the regular job, do the safe thing, finish the family ladder, and my life's blood bleed out the stairs. Oh, no, the short view."

"And next week—jump at some quick money. Never mind what. Take the cash so she'd have the right clothes that week. She could wear what other women wore, only better, and go and preen herself. Dorry, she thinks. . . . Bart pounded his fists together. "That architecture, the very art itself is of very

little consequence. Get paid. Put your four walls. To fuss about it very much is pretty silly for a grown man."

"Oh, Bart."

"Never wanted one thing that mattered to me. Didn't want kids. Why not? Oh, some short view! Her precious figure! Couldn't see past the baby era. Oh, that's a cold woman. Dorry—a very cold fish. And she can be meaner than a snake. Don't tell me that she would like to see the house once more."

Dorry opened her lips, but Bart mugged on.

"This house? My house? After the Bart job? To look the bit in the eye? I was hell-bent to build this house and I did it over. You might say Sybil's dead body. Not one single solitary item here that she didn't fight. The size. The style. The materials. The plan. The detail. Now she claims to have some pious wish to see it again. Oh, come on." Bart struck himself on the forehead. "Not for one split second do I believe that!"

"But it's so beautiful," said Dorry wisely, not wanting things to be so ugly. "Maybe she regrets . . ."

"Didn't I tell you?" Bart said. "That this house broke up on me. She ordered me to chop up the bedroom wing and ruin the lines. I said I would not. I had given up the war, you see. I was just doing. And I was getting somewhere, in my way. I was on the move, and she knew that."

"She couldn't bear it, that's the trouble. Don't think I don't know that everything she wanted she had to get in spite of me. All wrong. Always, that's the way it was."

"Well, she accused me of being in love with the house, not her. And I told her the truth. So she said, 'Then marry the house and divorce me.' Maybe she thought she was threatening something so terrible that I'd fold up. But it was as good an excuse as any—to break it off."

His face was bitter and Dorry closed her eyes. Then she heard him saying, "Heaven knows I'm sounding mean. I don't like the sound of a little girl who has seen much meanness. I love it that you haven't."

Sybil felt his pivotal presence as he asked to do it. The couch beside her. "Dorry, you see I never knew a friend who was the war between the sexes all the way all the long, rotten, miserable way."

"Ah, Bart," she said lovingly. "Honey," he said, "you're the little innocent sparrow that got caught in the badminton game. I don't want you hurt. That's why I should have told her to go to the devil."

"Bart, no," he said. Dorry said, "Hope not," he said. Dorry said, "His body tipped toward her. Now she was holding his head in her arms. Dorry's heart grew to the stature of the comforter."

"How can I be hurt?" she whispered into his hair. "I'm richer than anybody. I told you! Let her come," Dorry said, reckless with love. "Nothing can bother me."

So she held his distress to her heart, to heal it, and counted this her privilege. He had been hurt so much, she thought. But she also thought to herself: "Poor Sybil—

day be a new bridge, but how as they were rattling over the old bridge, a pair of headlights jumped into view and seemed to block their way. And the car didn't stop. The brakes. He seemed to be in safety in more speed. The car leapt. The other car, Dorry felt them with inches to spare. Dorry felt the reaction seize her whole body.

"Idiot," Bart snapped. He put his foot down and made a run for the hill. He swooped in upon their own concrete apron. The garage door was open and he seemed to be sailing car inside. He saw his headlights do down. His key chattered in the lock. The house door. Then they were in their beautiful dwelling place, looking along the great room to the glass wall.

Dorry slipped the lacy woolen scarf from her bare shoulders, although she was cold now and still trembling from the near-disaster on the bridge. Her teeth were ready to chatter.

Bart puffed out his cheeks and let the breath rush forth. "I asked for it, I guess," he said ruefully. "We might have known they'd be there."

She could only swallow.

"So guess what? She wants to come up here."

"She does?" said Dorry. Who does? Oh, yes, Sybil. Her right on the bridge and the image of Sybil blended in Dorry's mind. She shook herself to attention.

"And I should have told her to go to the devil!" Now Bart let his anger rush. "You know why I didn't? Because James is on the damn committee to recommend for the University. And because I need his influence. I was afraid to tell his sister to go to hell. How do you like that for integrity?"

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He turned to look at her.

"The job is important, isn't it?" Dorry said. "Why shouldn't I count for more than just her coming up here? She isn't going to stay long, is she? Why does she want to come?"

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Sybil caught him up, limp as a rag-baby. And Bowers' hands were strong to take hold of her shoulders and lift her away. Bart came. They lifted Sybil up and away. Bowers, who had come up the steps, took her. Bart said, "Dorry, are you all right?"

"All right. Just let me . . . Let me stay a minute . . . Let me alone."

So Dorry knelt where she was. Knelt as if she prayed. Her forehead touched the cold edge of the balcony floor. The hot sun beat upon her bowed back. She heard the twittering of James Mallory's, a long time slowly, she unfroze her aching hand.

James helped her creep into the big room. Bart, the one who had turned his head just briefly, and Sybil was stretched supine upon the big couch and her voice went on and on.

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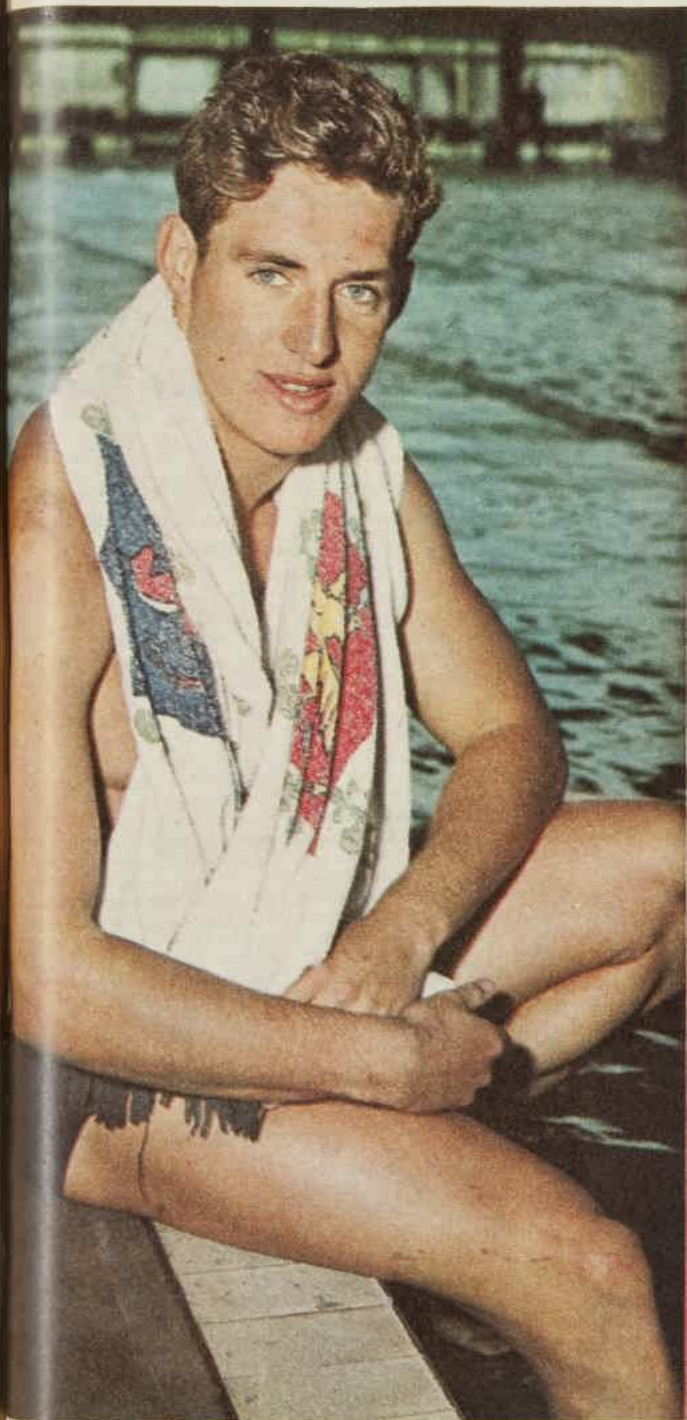
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 17, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately



KEVIN BERRY



NEVILLE HAYES

WORLD TOUR FOR YOUNG SWIMMERS — Page 3

LETTERS

Is midnight curfew too early?

I AM an 18-year-old girl and am allowed to stay out on dates until 12 o'clock at night.

I think this is a good time to be home when going on an ordinary outing or to the pictures, but what about when going to a party or a dance?

If you are to be home on time, you have to leave the party about half an hour beforehand, and by then things are just beginning to warm up.

Do other readers think this is a fair arrangement?—R. Morris, Goulburn, N.S.W.

Literature

LYNNE HERRINGTON'S suggestion (T.W., 20/3/63) that detective stories should be introduced into school literature studies needs some elaboration.

Certain detective stories do already rank as literature — Wilkie Collins' "The Moonstone," Dickens' "Edwin Drood," G. K. Chesterton's "Father Brown" series, and Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes"; schools, moreover, do include these on their reading list.

Literature is studied principally

for the purpose of developing lucid expression and a wider vocabulary. Books, consequently, are selected rather for the excellence of the writing than the entertainment of their themes:—P. Grayson, Epping, N.S.W.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Pin-up frame

HERE'S an idea for those people who collect pin-ups but who are unable to pin them on to their bedroom walls.

Find an old picture frame, preferably a large square one, repaint it, and back it with cardboard.

You can then attach the pictures easily, swap them for others when you please, and they look very effective and very unusual. — "Photo Fan," Dalmore, Vic.

A mathematical game you can always win

● Here is a good mathematical game for two players, and the rules are simple.

THE first player starts at 0 and may add any number from 1 to 10. The second player builds on the first player's score, also by adding any number from 1 to 10. The game continues, each player taking his turn, until 100 is reached. The player reaching 100 wins.

For example: Player A starts with 6, player B adds 7 to make 13, A—10 to make 23, B—8 to make 31, A—9 to make 40, B—8 to make 48, A—10 to make 58, B—2 to make 60, A—5 to make 65, B—10 to make 75, A—5 to make 80, B—8 to make 88, A—1 to make 89, B—10 to make 99, A—1 to make 100, and wins.

A player cannot add more than 10 or less than 1, but a player who knows the trick can always get to 100 first. Can you see how this is done? Play this game a few times and you will begin to see a set pattern.

The key numbers of the pattern are 1, 12, 23, 34, 45, 56, 67, 78, 89, 100. An easy way to remember these

numbers is to start at 1 and add 11 each time. If you select these numbers as your totals during the game, you cannot lose, no matter what numbers your opponent chooses.

To conceal the key numbers from your opponent, do not go into the pattern until the 70s or 80s are reached. He will grow suspicious if you always use the same numbers.

Since you have to take 89 to win, the other player, after two or three games, will come up with "You always choose 89." He will then try to arrive at 89 first, but you must be one jump ahead and go into your pattern earlier, at 78. When he catches on to 78, you must go back to 67, and so on to 12 and 1.

When both players know the whole pattern, only the one who starts and chooses 1 can win.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Prohlchstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

Enthusiasm

RECENTLY I bought a toilet bag — not because I wanted it but because the girl behind the counter was so enthusiastic and pleasant.

The bag pleased me also, so I returned to buy one as a present for a girl getting married. Unfortunately, there was another salesgirl who said, rather superciliously: "This kind? Yeah, I guess they're all right if you like them." So I decided to go to another shop for something else.

This reminded me of a notice on the wall when I first began work: "Be fired with enthusiasm, or you are likely to be fired, with enthusiasm." — "B-Enthusiastic," Atherton, Nth. Qld.

Stay at school

OFTEN while I was still at school I felt frustrated and utterly bored with the endless hours of studies and homework, and seriously considered leaving, although deep down I realised it was for the best.

When I thought of the many things my parents had gone without so that I could further my schooling, I was determined to work hard.

Nowadays a high standard of education is a necessity, and that extra year or two of schooling will go a long way in helping you to secure a better position.

I love my present job, and I'm sure I would never have been as happy if I had left school earlier.

So, if you, too, are bored, really make up your mind to "stick it," and you'll find you'll never regret it in later years. After all, what's two years out of a lifetime? — "It's Worth It," Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

Civil defence

ABOUT three months ago I joined the Civil Defence Organisation, which provides immediate assistance in the form of shelter, clothing, information, guidance, and medical treatment in any national emergency, such as flood, fire, or enemy attack.

I joined the transport section, which prepares to evacuate the community at the shortest notice by land or sea.

While it costs nothing but time and interest to join the Civil Defence, training is given to all members. I am learning the use of trucks, cars, and all forms of water transport, and the basic mechanics of each vehicle.

Other sections in which to train are supplies, welfare, first-aid, accommodation, rescue, safety precautions, and other duties which may fall to civilians to avoid panic and confusion. — Kathleen Brammall, Dee Why West, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"If you're so smart, man, how come you're not rich?"

Girls choose the money, not the box

● "Wondering" (T.W., 20/3/63) asked if girls should spend their pay collecting for a glory box or bank the money until Mr. Right comes along.

A GIRL is foolish to spend money on a glory box before she becomes engaged. She should save as much as she can each week so she will always have cash for any need.

She may decide to travel overseas or interstate, and how much more satisfying and stimulating that would be than sitting at home counting her linen! And who knows, she may even meet Mr. Right.

Even if she were getting her box together, she should not buy too much. More young couples would start off a great deal happier if they went into marriage with a little nest-egg of cash. — "L. S. Dee," Mt. Lawley, W.A.

IF you wait till Mr. Right comes along, you will have a chance to find out his favorite colors and preferences, and combine them with your own.

You might like extravagant-looking things — he might have more conservative tastes. Once you have discovered his likes and dislikes you will be able to choose a happy medium. — K. Palma, Fullarton, S.A.

FASHIONS change so quickly and new fabrics and materials are so constantly coming on the market that money earning interest in a savings bank is a much sounder investment for every girl.

Who knows what her married life may involve? Continual travel from one place to another, a furnished flat, a boarding-house, sharing a home, a camp in the jungle?

Maybe, with so many other interesting careers offering, she will not marry at all. — "Glory Be," Epping, N.S.W.

THE glory box I built up consisted mainly of linen, which lasts for years and does not date.

At the same time I put a little money in the bank each week, so that when Mr. Right did come along I was able to buy the latest clothes for my wedding.

A kitchen-tea will provide "Wondering" with necessities for her kitchen, and wedding presents usually fill the gaps. — E. Chappell, Preston, Vic.

ALL my girl-friends started collecting things a few years ago, and now have fabulous collections of crockery and linen, but by the time they are married all the things they have will probably be out of style.

I've never bought a thing for my box, but I have bought a sewing-machine, tape-recorder, transistor radio, camera, a large record collection, and an expensive guitar with 18 months' lessons — and I also have some money in the bank.

Spend your money while you can, and don't worry about a glory box until you're engaged. — Judith Scanlan, Findon, S.A.

Next week

HAIR is a girl's crowning glory — but if it is to stay sleek it must be protected. Next week we have four chic "hair protectors" — for the shower, for sleeping, for the rain, and for an evening out — with simple directions on how to make them.

Swimming their way around the world

By Cynthia Robinson

● It isn't easy to swim your way around the world a few times and then to become big fish in the pool of top business executives, but Kevin Berry and Neville Hayes are two Sydney teenagers who are determined to prove it can be done.

THEY'VE already "swum" their way to more travel than most teenagers dream of, both with the Rome Olympic team in 1960 and as members of other Australian swim sides.

And for 18-year-old Kevin, the world butterfly champion, and his "swim twin," Neville, who at 19 is currently rated third in butterfly circles, this looks like being only the beginning.

Both seem certain to boost Australia's medal score at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, but meanwhile they're about to fly off to take part in international swim meets in Japan, East Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, and Great Britain.

They're two of 14 men swimmers — including several schoolboys and even more teenagers — who in six weeks overseas will complete the most comprehensive tour ever undertaken by an Australian swim team.

They will also be the first Australian swimmers to compete behind the Iron Curtain.

After all these international meets, Kevin and Neville will return to Australia for just long enough to see their families and friends before flying off again — this time to America, where they will both begin four-year university courses in September.

Close friends

There the two boys, who have been close friends but tough rivals throughout their competitive swimming careers, will go their separate ways. But their ambitions will remain almost identical.

Both boys gained good Leaving results from their Sydney schools and had the choice of scholarships at several top universities. Neville has decided

on Harvard, while Kevin will almost certainly go to Indiana.

In recent months they have grown tired of being asked: "Why not the University of Southern California?"

This is the university from which Australian swimmers Jon Henricks and Murray Rose graduated, and John Konrads is studying there at present.

"Somehow, because of this, people in Australia think this is the only university a swimmer should go to," said Neville.

"But Kevin and I have chosen other universities because we both want to study Economics, and in this field we think we'll get a better education at Harvard and Indiana.

"If you want to study TV and acting and all that sort of thing, I'm sure there's no place better than the U.S.C. But ending up as actors isn't really our line or ambition.

"Gee whiz, I don't think either Kevin or I look sharp enough to have Academy Award prospects, do you?" Neville asked, with the boyish grin that carries him past the winning-line as a champion teenager as well as a champion swimmer.

Business hopes

Neville then explained that he and Kevin wanted to finish their American studies with enough qualifications "to hit the jackpot with something really worthwhile in the business world."

Looking suddenly earnest, the dark-haired six-footer, who had just finished a strenuous 6 a.m. training stint at the Canterbury Olympic Pool, said: "Swimming has given me a lot, and I hope I'll be good enough to compete at international level for a long time yet."

"Kevin feels the same way, and we've both chosen univer-



SCHOOLBOY MEMBERS of the Australian swimming team chosen for the six-week overseas tour include Ian O'Brien (left) and Richard Ling. Ian, the breaststroke star from Wellington, N.S.W., who is one of five 15-year-old swimmers in the team, won three gold medals at the Perth Commonwealth Games last year. Richard is a 16-year-old freestyle swimmer, and this is the first time he has been chosen for an Australian team.

sities which offer terrific swimming facilities. We'll keep training hard and we hope to hit top form just in time for the Tokyo Games.

"But we're not going to America just to swim and have a good time. We're going to study hard.

"We've talked this over a lot, and we agree that we'd be stupid not to take this opportunity of a lifetime to get training for careers in top business.

"Too many sportsmen end up with nothing but memories after they have spent years of hard training to keep on top in their particular field. Often they're struggling to get just an average job.

Many records

"We know this could happen to us, but Kevin and I both feel if we study hard we should be able to do reasonably well in business . . . even if we don't exactly break world records in making a million."

The down-to-earth attitude which Neville and Kevin have toward their American university courses is not really surprising, because two more sensible, unaffected, and completely likeable teenagers would be hard to find.

The boys have been buddies ever since coach Don Talbot brought them together as potential butterfly champions at Bankstown Pool in 1959.

Since then they've broken many world records and have acted as pace-setters for each other.

Neville, who was educated at James Cook High School, was the first to star. He won the Australian butterfly championships in 1959, '60, and '61, and carried off a silver medal at the Rome Olympics.

Before the Olympics, Kevin told me he hoped to return

with a gold medal, but he'd be more than satisfied with a silver one — provided Neville Hayes was the swimmer he was second to.

At that stage Neville held the 220yds. world butterfly record and was Kevin's idol as well as his friend.

"I think Neville is the reason I've improved so much," said Kevin. "He's paced me, and we've really helped each other along."

At Rome, Kevin trailed Neville, though he did well to finish a finalist in the butterfly events. Since then he has been a world-beater.

He's cracked world records right and left and won three Commonwealth Games gold medals, while Neville has slipped into second place.

The last time Neville broke through the "Berry Barrier" was in a swim meet against a Japanese team in Australia early in 1962.

"But my turn's coming up again in Japan later this month," said Neville with a grin.

Kevin, currently the world record holder for the 200 metres and the 110 and 220yds. butterfly, has other ideas. And it's this determined rivalry between the two which keeps them crashing through the water at new speeds.

Daily training

American Carl Robie is at present rated ahead of Neville in the butterfly world.

"But though Carl's second, Kevin is the only opposition I really worry about," said Neville. "I feel I'm now stroking better than I have been recently and could beat anyone . . . well, except perhaps Kevin."

The tough life of a water champion, which means swimming several miles at early-morning and late-afternoon

training sessions every day during the summer, doesn't leave the boys much free time.

Both Neville and Kevin love surfing and water-skiing, however, and when they're away on trips they're among the keenest camera-bugs in the team.

They're also among the most popular members of the team and rate high with the fans.

And each has a "home-grown" fan club, too.

No involvements

Kevin's four sisters and two brothers include Paul, who is the N.S.W. State champion in the under-14 440yds. freestyle and runner-up in the 440yds. butterfly. Neville's three sisters, aged 12, 9, and 8, are all promising and ambitious backstroke swimmers.

So much for fans, but what of girl-friends?

Neville thinks Kevin is more interested in girls than he is at present. But both are too interested in conquering new butterfly records and doing well at university to want any serious involvements for some time yet.

But one of these days, if they do as well with their career ambitions as they're doing in the water, these "human fish" look like being very nice catches indeed.

TOP TEENS IN SPORT

● Kevin Berry and Neville Hayes are only two of many Australian teenagers who have reached the top in the world of sport. Other young sporting personalities will be featured in a new series of articles starting in our May 1 issue.

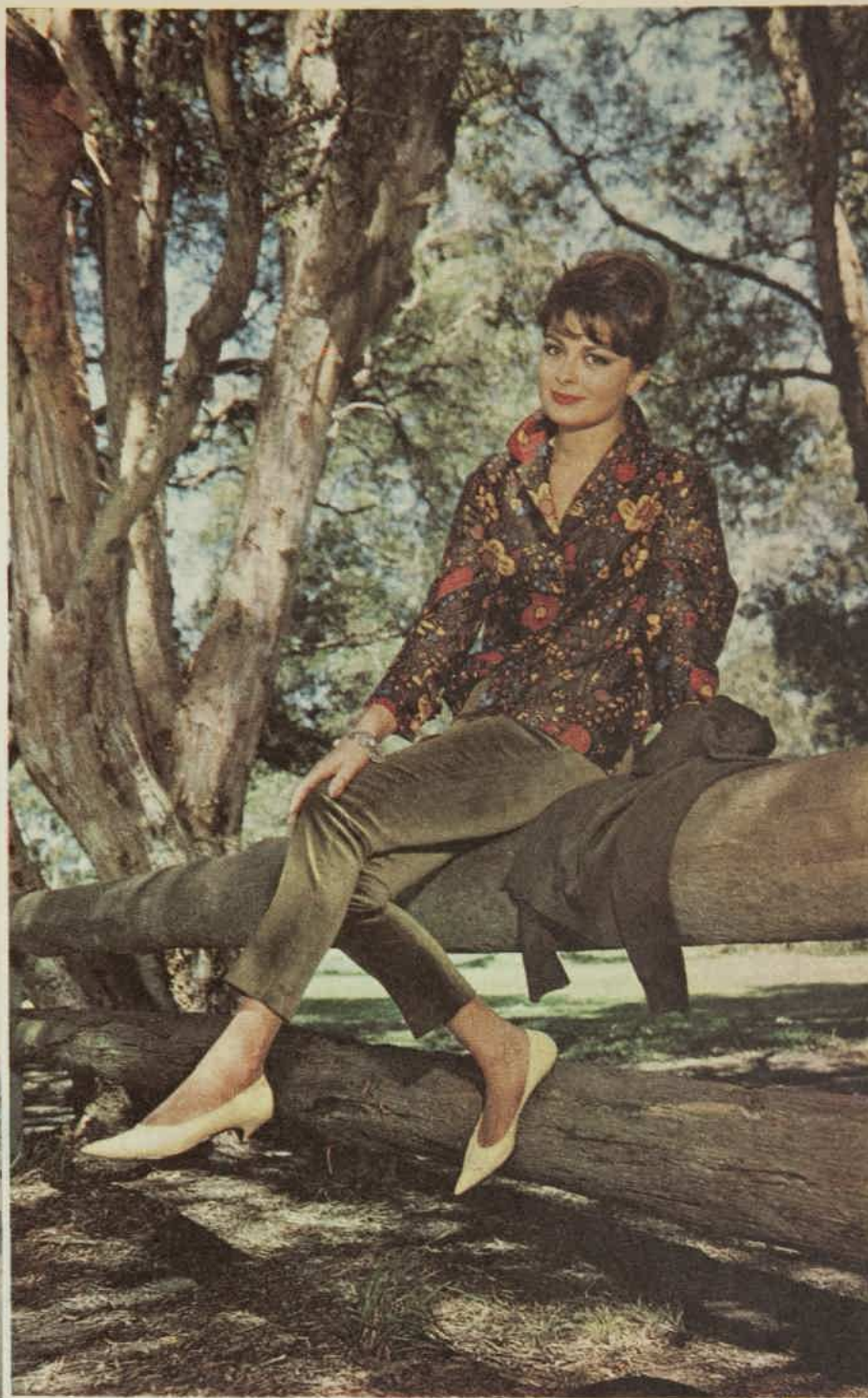


Snappy details add zip to youthful winter fashions



SMART for cool or wet days is the black-and-white wool one-piece (left) with its two-tone effect, narrow belted waist, and check tie linking detachable white collar (E11/19/11). Next, a whistlebait style for girls, the white mock-leather shift with hipster tie (shift E5/19/11, wool skivvy 79/11). Black-and-white check raincoat, with free and easy swing at the back that many girls look for in this type of coat (right), is of lightweight acetate and fully lined, with interesting button trim (E11/19/11).

● *Fancy for fun or plain as you please, it's the smart little fashion touches that give a new sort of look to this winter's classic clothes. To illustrate—this line-up of young-in-heart casuals featuring buttons and bows, skivvies and ties, and belts of all widths and fabrics.*



NIFTY and practical three-piece for casual wear (above) teams "dirty" brown velvet pants (99/11) with ditto pure wool skivvy (69/11) and vivid pure silk shirt-blouse (99/11). News ingredient: wear the skivvy UNDER blouse for winter warmth and comfort.

SHIFT-Y designs include broad-check, pure wool style (far left), buttoned from neck to below waist, and with wide leather belt (shift 99/11, wool jersey skivvy 49/11); and grey flannel shift—just made for easy wear—with pocket detail and slotted self-belt (shift £5/19/11, jersey skivvy 49/11).

Fashions from Grace Bros.' four Sydney stores.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Crush on teacher

"MY girl-friend and I are 13 years old. We are both madly in love with our maths teacher, who is our ideal man. He always smiles at us and no one else. Even though we are intelligent, our love for our teacher is stopping our concentration in class. This has caused a break-up between my girl-friend and me, as we are jealous of each other. Could you please advise me what to do?" "Distracted J., Vic.

Your schoolgirl crush has not only affected your concentration. It has really blinded you if you believe your maths teacher smiles at you two and no one else.

Settle down and work hard at your maths. That will impress your teacher much more than swooning glances.

And make it up with your girl-friend. Who else will you be able to talk to so cosily about your mutual hero?

To go to England...

"I AM a boy of almost 18. On January 1 this year I met a wonderful English girl who was out in Australia for a four-week holiday. The next day we went out together and every day afterwards until January 22. Then she had to go home to England. By this time I had fallen very much in love with her. She also told me that she had fallen in love with me. But she has a boy-friend over in England and she said that she was going to tell him about us and she promised not to go out with any other boys, because I told her that I was going to work my way over to England next year. (But do you think I could find work there?) I told her that I would be true to her and keep my promise to her. I have had many letters from her. So please help me if you can by telling me what to do, because I miss her so much."

"England or Die," Vic.

It seems a cruel thing to say right now, but time will probably solve your problem. Your feelings and those of your girl-friend will need to be exceptionally strong to stand up to more than a year's separation after only three weeks together. A very shrewd Frenchman has said: "Absence kindles the grand passion and extinguishes the prosaic one."

Meantime, if your desire to go to England remains firm it's not a bad idea to work and save toward your goal. The trip will be good experience for you even if your romance does not work out as you hope. You should, however, be equipped with some trade or professional training before you consider going. At the moment work is far more plentiful in Australia than in England.

I think it would be fairer to you both if you each went out on a friendly basis with other girls and boys during the time you are apart.

... or not to go?

"I AM an English migrant who has been in your country for nearly two years. The trouble that I am having is that my family has booked passage to go back to live in England in July. I am included in the journey. I will be 17 in October and I was wondering if I would be compelled to go with them. I have a wonderful job out here. I am working for a church organisation. My boss knows I am going home and he has offered to let me live with him and his family. I have many friends out here and I think that in a few years I would grow to love this country. My father has said if I wanted I would be allowed to stay out here. But I am afraid to say anything about my feelings as he loses his temper very quickly. Before I talk to my family I would like to know if my parents could legally make me travel with them."

C.L., S.A.

If you are supporting yourself and boarding at a place approved by the authorities, you cannot legally be compelled to return to England with your family. A chamber magistrate could give you fuller advice on this matter.

But have you really thought long and hard about what such a separation from your parents will mean to you? There will be times when you will miss

them sorely—when even the closest of friends will be no real substitute. And England is a long, long way away.

If you still decide you want to stay in Australia you should not be afraid to tell your father so yourself. He obviously already knows something of your feelings on the matter and has been giving it consideration.

You could suggest he talk to your boss after your family conclave.

Risk of shelf?

"I AM a 15-year-old girl (16 next month) and have started to go out with a boy of 20. He is very nice and thinks a lot of me. Although I have only gone out with him twice I have decided I don't like him enough to want to go on with this friendship. My girl-friends think I am a fool not to go out with him again, but I think I made a correct decision. This has happened to me before and I wish you could tell me whether you think I am silly in waiting for my Prince Charming—or should I go out with a boy just to get out? My aunt tells me I don't go out nearly enough for a girl my age, but I won't go out with anyone just for the sake of going out and maybe risk hurting the boy's feelings. Will I be left on the shelf?"

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

You've a long, long way to go before you start worrying about that shelf! The fact that you are already receiving invitations out is a fair indication that you won't ever have to worry about it.

If you're not really attracted to the boy you are right in your decision not to settle down to a steady friendship. Too many girls do this just because they want a regular escort. Apparently some of your girl-friends are like that.

Don't worry too much about boys' feelings. Go out with boys you like, and keep them in the plural until you feel something stronger than liking for one of them.

A word from Debbie



SPLASH! Make a big impression in the bathroom. A foam-rubber bathmat costs only a few shillings to make and is a great comfort underfoot.

Buy a yard and a half of foam-rubber in the local chainstore—three-quarters of a yard of blue and three-quarters of pink, or whatever colors suit your bathroom best.

Draw around your foot on a piece of paper and ENLARGE the outline to bathmat size, keeping the inside of the foot shape straight, between big toe and heel. Now, using your paper shape, cut out two pieces of foam-rubber.

Place the pieces side by side with the straight edges touching and stick them together with a suitable waterproof cement. Allow to harden, and that's all.

The result? A bathroom floor that you've really left your "mark" on.

Double invitation

"I HAVE a problem that many girls have throughout their lives. A few weeks ago I received an invitation to a twenty-first birthday party. The invitation says I have the pleasure of taking a friend (a boy). I am not going steady. I would like to ask a boy I met while I was staying with my brother for a week. I went out with him twice during that week. He said he was going to come over here and take me to a dance. I have already written to this boy, but I don't know if I have done the right thing. I let my mother read the letter and she seems to think it is O.K."

M.M.G., S.A.

I'm sure it was O.K., too.

Wounding words

"COULD you please help me? I had been going with a boy for some time and he liked me a lot. I had just been taking him for granted. I had said some terrible things to him and he had forgiven me, but the other day I said a shameful thing to him. I knew that as soon as I said it, I begged him to forgive me and told him over and over again how sorry I was, but he didn't forgive me. How can I get him back without crawling to him, as I love him very much and I'm sure he still likes me?"

I.C., N.S.W.

It sounds as if your boy-friend has at last decided that he has acted as a dartboard for your verbal barbs long enough. I'm afraid you'll find it difficult to convince him that you really love him. You haven't convinced me. The language of love is kind.

Learn your lesson from this experience and put a bridle on your tongue before it causes you more unhappiness. Contrary to the schoolchildren's rhyme about "sticks and stones," words can wound sharply and sometimes leave permanent scars.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty in Brief

BACK-COMBING

THERE'S no question that if you're wearing any sort of puffy hairdo that needs more "body" and volume to the hair, you've got to know how to back-comb (or tease) it properly in order to get the look you want.

What's the best way to "tease" and "untease" hair? Teasing is a knack that's easy to acquire and well worth mastering. Remember how your hairdresser does it (see picture at right) and copy him.

The first step is to decide where you want that extra bit of height and puff; it may be on the top or at the sides, or both. Next, part your hair off in sections (top, two sides, back) — it's easier to handle that way.

Now, pick up a strand of hair about three inches wide, hold the lock up and away from your head between the middle and index fingers, and with short strokes gently push the understrands down toward the scalp.

Plan to comb each hair strand about three-parts down its length from the roots, not right to the hair-ends.

Separate and back-comb each



strand in turn until it curves into a loose swatch or clump. Now arrange the clump to give width or height where needed and over-brush all the teased hair lightly until it is smooth.

Leave the hair puffy but firm and spray the top lightly.

To "untease," comb out each strand carefully, bit by bit, starting from just above the hair-ends and working back a little at a time toward the scalp. Don't pull or drag the hair.

— Carolyn Earle

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

First disc sells a million in a month

● If any group can claim to have created the fastest selling teen sound of the 'sixties, it must be the Four Seasons. Their first disc, "Sherry," released late last year, took only four weeks to sell a million copies.

THEY followed it with another chart-topper, "Big Girls Don't Cry," and, with a slight change of pace, "Walk Like a Man," which rushed to the top in America but took longer to get going in Australia.

The group member who has contributed most to the Four

Seasons' million-dollar sound is 24-year-old lead singer Frankie Valli. He rates a credit line of his own on the jacket of their first LP release, "Sherry And 11 Others."

Frankie is the one who's responsible for all the falsetto, impossible-to-identify noises that have put the group so far ahead of their imitators.

The other members of the group are Bob Gaudio, organ,

piano, composer, and singer; Nick Massi, bass singer and vocal director; and Tom Devito, guitar and tenor voice.

Bob, youngest and only unmarried member of the team, wrote both "Sherry" and "Big Girls Don't Cry."

They formed their group only last year. Before that Frankie, Nick, and Tommy had been in a group called the Four Lovers, and Bob in an outfit named the Royal Teens. Neither group had set the world on fire.

Though their sound is already so distinctive, you can expect further improvements and experiments. The Four Seasons say they're determined "not to get into a groove that turns into a grave."

Doesn't seem as though they will, for their second LP, recently recorded in the States, is a Country and Western.

SYDNEY'S singing bank-teller, Sandy Scott, has decided to give away the banking world and become a full-time professional.

He took the plunge after being offered a 12-month contract with TCN Channel 9 and signing to make records for C.B.C.

His first disc, a Spanish-flavored ballad, should be released about the end of this month, and he will be seen a lot in future "Bandstands."

Local talent: Some extensive rearranging has reduced the sugar content of Warren Williams' version of the old "Speak To Me Of Love" (Lee-don 45), but has not spoiled its romantic appeal.

Warren, who's going great guns as a composer, has written himself a really excellent Country ballad, "Heartache Queen," for the other side. I'd like to see it get an overseas release.

Pops: People who know Kitty Kallen only through her current single may wonder about the words "And her other great hits" on the jacket of "My Coloring Book" (R.C.A. LP).

In the 1940s, when Kitty was a teenager, she sang with the Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Dorsey, and Harry James bands, and made hits like "Besame Mucho," "I'll Buy That Dream," and "I'm Beginning To See The Light." She's re-recorded these for the LP.

Another "Greatest Hits" LP from the same label is "Neil Sedaka Sings His Greatest Hits."



THE FOUR SEASONS, four boys from New Jersey, U.S.A., with a sound all their own. From left, Bob Gaudio, Nick Massi, Tom Devito, and Frankie Valli.

Well, you won't have any trouble in recalling who Neil is, or in recalling "Run Samson Run" (one of his swingiest), "Oh! Carol," or "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do."

Listening to this LP you can't help being impressed by the number of good songs that Neil has had.

AS an LP title for Brenda Lee, whose life seems to be one long string of best-sellers, "Brenda That's All" (Festival) seems decidedly on the modest side.

There are some nice surprises on this disc, including a revival of the old Chevalier number, "I'm Sitting On Top Of The World," "Sweethearts On Parade," and "Organ Grinder's Swing"—all sung with Brenda's usual ability to get that little bit extra out of her numbers.

ONE spin of their new Festival single, "Marching Thru Madrid," will convince most people that the Tijuana Brass have another hit instrumental to follow "Lonely Bull." It's got the same sort of elusive appeal.

The other side, "Struttin' With Maria," is a beauty too, lighthearted and captivating, with an occasional use of a good old brass band sound.

PLENTY of singers have just about burst their vocal cords trying to do justice to "Little Sir Echo," so it makes a nice change to hear those inspired comics Allen and Rossi cut it down to size on an Ampar single. The fast and furious "Hello Dere", opening track of their LP, is on the other side.

THE driving, swinging big-band sound of the 1940s is re-created on a Command LP, "The Big Band's Back In Town," starring former Charlie Barnet and Tommy Dorsey trumpeter Doc Severinsen. The numbers are well chosen and varied and include "Granada," "Lonesome Road," and "I Cried For You." Good for either dancing or listening.

A SWEET and tender lullaby from the high-spirited Tokens sounds impossible, but it's true, and it's "Hindi Lullaby" (R.C.A. 45), one of the most haunting things you'll hear in a week's listening.

They revert to their special brand of upper-register shrieks and off-beat sounds on the flip, "Tonight I Met An Angel," so old friends won't be disappointed.

WORTH HEARING

SIBELIUS: Fourth Symphony and Tapiola

SIBELIUS wrote most of his music in the 20th century, but he cannot be fitted into any "school" of modern music. He was uncompromisingly individual, using in a way that was entirely his own a musical language borrowed from the past.

After having a strong vogue 20 to 30 years ago, his music is now very much underrated and neglected, and new recordings of his works are relatively rare. Therefore, a first-rate recording of two of his greatest and most characteristic works issued by the World Record Club is to be prized. This is a coupling of his fourth symphony and the tone poem "Tapiola," played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan.

Though Sibelius was much more than a nationalist and a "nature poet," his intense love for his native Finland and its landscapes underlies all his important work. There is a feeling of dark, silent forests and cold, lonely distances in his music — and particularly in these two works.

The fourth symphony, written in 1910-11, is a work of intense concentration — as different as could be from the lavishly colored orchestral works that were being written by other composers about this time. "Tapiola" (named after the forest god of Finnish mythology) belongs to 1925, and is Sibelius' last important work.

— Martin Long

SEE YOU LATER, IRRIGATOR!

● I see that a Northern Territory couple are successfully running Australia's first commercial date farm.

WHAT a picture that conjures up—lines of craving lads and scads of waving "lines," all making hay while the sun shines!

The truth, of course, is not as pretty as this picture. The Alice Springs people, I must confess, are palm-breeders—dealing in the dates one eats, not meets.

(By the way, dates have even been immortalised in a song—"How're ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've read their palms!")

Now, ever since the sultana said she could only be an oasis to me, I couldn't care a fig about that sort of date.

When I read the story about the Northern Territorians, however, I suddenly realised that, in fact, the social date business is very similar to formal farming.

Any boy who chases a girl for a date, for instance, is involved with farm machinery—doesn't he have to cultivate 'er?

And what is that regular occurrence, when a boy puts the bite on dad for date dough, but milking time?

Again, in the ranks of girl-dates, there are soldier-settlers.

Of course, there are also lasses who will settle for tailors!

It would probably be easier for a feller to run a one-woman (at a time) business than a flock of shape.

After all, don't they say that little girls should be seen and not herd?

I ALSO see that Rumanian authorities have prohibited citizens owning or using typewriters without government permits.

I suppose that's what is meant by the letter of the law. The Rumanian rule, it seems, is designed to prevent the distribution of leaflets or any writing not strictly controlled by the government.

Rumanians having typewriters before the law was introduced were given 90 days to apply for licences. If they didn't? Well, I suppose the quick brown cops jumped all over the lazy dogs!

—Robin Adair

ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman

No. 15

Return to old ideas of group planning

MODERN concepts of housing are returning in many instances to the tried and proved principles of the past which have been, for one reason or another, neglected for some years.

When architects Ancher, Mortlock, and Murray received a commission to design 48 houses in the Lyneham district of Canberra they combined finest modern architecture with old principles of group planning.

Instead of stringing a series of differing houses along the sides of a street in the now all-too-accepted suburban manner, they grouped their houses around interesting arrangements of courtyards and open spaces.

Instead of facing on to busy traffic streets, the living-rooms of these houses open on to garden courts 60ft. wide.

These open spaces are common to the houses that face on

to them. The entrance to each house is from the back, so that no vehicles can intrude into the courts.

The garages (or carports) are placed between the houses but are separated from the courts by white-painted brick walls.

The houses themselves are a cross between terrace houses and semi-detached houses, so grouped that each unit contributes to the composition of the whole.

This is a far more interesting arrangement than having dozens of houses, all different, jostling and quarrelling with each other, as is seen in the average suburb anywhere in Australia.

This apparently new system of house grouping is only a return to the 17th- and 18th-century idea of overall planning that made many European cities, and particularly parts of English towns, such masterly examples of town-planning and architecture.

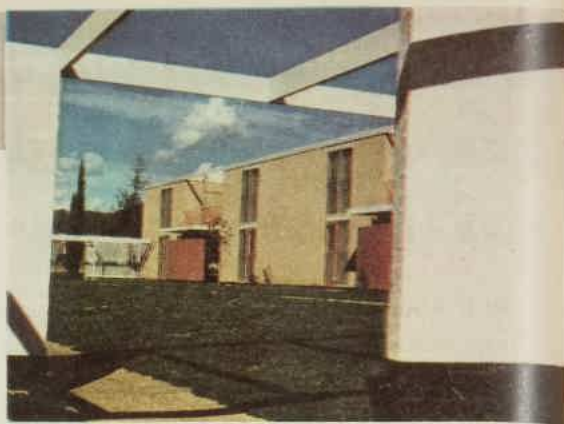
This return to the old principles is widespread in modern housing schemes throughout the world, and although it has been late in reaching Australia it is good to see the same up-to-date thing happening in Australia's capital city.

The Canberra houses are flat-roofed, built of brick, with external walls covered in colored, soft-textured render.

This, with the white garden walls and white trim on the houses, together with colored doors, makes interesting pictures from all points of view within or outside the group.

The buildings were finished as recently as last year. When trees and shrubs, for which Canberra is famous, have matured in the courts and surrounding spaces, these houses will be examples of fine modern architecture in one of the world's finest garden settings.

NEXT WEEK: A modern office building.



MULTIPLE HOUSES in Canberra, which show a combination of the best modern architecture with principles of group planning dating from the 17th and 18th centuries. These houses, above and below, are part of a group of 48 completed last year.



TEENA BY Linda Terry



THE MAGIC OF COLOR—continued

Each room has its own problems

● All rooms have their own color problems, governed by such factors as size, shape, aspect, construction materials, and the way in which the room is to be used. The rooms on this page show some effects achieved by using color according to the principles outlined on pages 31 and 34.



NATURAL COLORS of stone and wood, with the subdued carpet color repeated in the Japanese butterfly paper of the sliding doors, give a pleasant background to the bright colors of chairs and cushions. Marble-top table adds coolness to this living-room, which would be suitable for a western aspect.

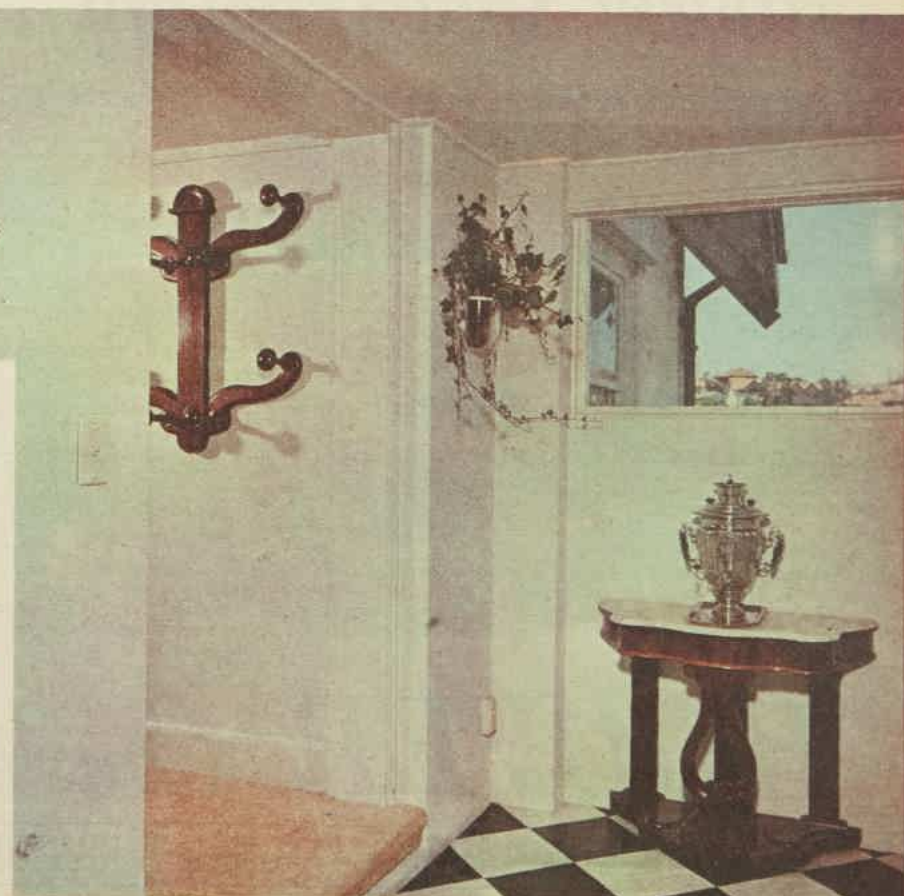


COMPLEMENTARY color scheme of this sitting-room shows how well colors from opposite sides of the color wheel go together. Curtain tones, matching carpet and walls, give the room unity.

WHITE is very suitable for a trim, as on mouldings of front door at right, and on walls, ceiling, and checked floor it adds spaciousness to the small hall. Furniture is a darker shade and carpet a lighter tint of door color.



CHEERFUL atmosphere is essential in work areas like kitchens. This one is gay with patterned wallpaper, adding width to the room, and pastel colors repeated in floor, bench tops, chair seats, and clock. White cupboards and stove add to cool effect.



Color cookbook

NEW supplies of the wonderful cookbook, "Cookery in Colour," will be available to our readers within the next few weeks.

This special Australian edition was compiled by Leila Howard, of The Australian Women's Weekly Test Kitchen, with British cookery expert Marguerite Patten. The cookbook contains more than 1000 recipes and 600 illustrations. Total cost, including postage, is 33/6.

Below is a coupon to reserve your copy.

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To: "Cookery in Colour," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE MAGIC OF COLOR—Continued

From page 31

carpeting; drapes, woven wood or natural fabric.

Soft, muted shades make for a relaxed atmosphere in the dining-room—essential for good digestion. Warm colors that are unobtrusive yet pleasantly blended make ideal surroundings for meal-times.

Suggested scheme for dining-room: Walls, gold-and-white striped wallpaper; ceiling, white; woodwork, white; flooring, gold; drapes, dusty-pink and white; table settings in shades of dusty-pink, pale blue, emerald-green.

The colors you use in the living-room should be chosen more carefully than any others. This is the room that has to please all members of the family and make a favorable impression on guests.

Try to avoid extremes in a room that is used a lot, or you will soon tire of it.

Suggested scheme for living-room: Walls, pale chartreuse with one feature wall of green-and-white trellis-patterned wallpaper; ceiling, white; woodwork, white; flooring, old gold; drapes, string color and maize; upholstery, olive-green and mustard, violet accessories.

Informal rumpus rooms and family areas can all be given gay treatment with brilliant colors.

Suggested scheme for rumpus room: Walls, driftwood with a feature wall of black-and-white contemporary pat-

terned wallpaper; ceiling, white; woodwork, white; flooring, black and white tiles; curtains, natural; upholstery, peacock-blue and deep lilac.

It's no wonder tempers are frayed in the morning when the majority of people take their first view of a day from a drab bathroom.

Plan to make your bathroom a fresh and pretty one that will lift the spirits in the morning. It is usually regarded as a strictly utilitarian room, but this is just why it needs to be decorated and made attractive.

Pink is a warm color and is an old favorite for bathrooms. But it should not be combined with soft grey of the same tone, or the effect is wishy-washy and monotonous.

Try making a frankly elegant bathroom by using pink with white and gold, or make it cosy and traditional with rosebud wallpaper and sage-green wall tiles.

When choosing fittings for a bathroom, choose white unless you are completely confident about the colors you can live with for a long time. You can then build a wide variety of schemes around the fittings when re-decorating.

Suggested scheme for bathroom: Walls, pink flowered wallpaper; tiles, coffee; P.C. fittings, white; floor, coffee tiles with random pink insets; shower curtain, pink, brown and white stripes,

towels, pink, rose, coffee, and white.

Aim for elegance in the main bedroom. Use the warm, sophisticated colors such as wisteria and mushroom to create a relaxed atmosphere. Add a touch of green to keep it fresh.

Suggested scheme for bedroom: Walls, violet-sprigged wallpaper; ceiling, white; woodwork, white; flooring, damson; bedcover, deep lilac; drapes, green and white stripes.

Remodel with color

The most interesting part of experimenting with color is seeing how it can alter the proportions of a room, how it can make a room look inviting, how it can make an architectural fault less noticeable.

You can make rooms look twice their actual size, make them look warmer, cooler, or more welcoming.

The aspect of a room, its function in the house, its size and structure all have to be taken into account.

For example, if a room faces south, you will want to build a scheme around the warm pink and red shades, or sunny yellows and oranges, to give it warmth and brightness.

For the western aspect, where rooms catch the hot afternoon sun, choose cool blues, greens, and violets to

give an impression of under-water freshness.

Here are some ways in which color can alter the appearance of a room:

- White or pastel colors make a room look larger. You can use light colors not only on walls and ceilings but in easy-clean flooring materials such as vinyl and in modern durable furnishing materials that have been silicone-treated to resist soiling.

- Dark colors lower a ceiling visually and broaden the proportions of a room. A heavily patterned wallpaper can look very effective on a ceiling.

- Curtains to match walls give an impression of continuity and will avoid a broken-up look in a small room. You can buy patterned curtains to match wallpaper or use fabric the same color as the wall paint.

- A long, narrow room will take on better proportions if narrow walls are painted a darker color than the wider walls. An attractive wallpaper can also be used on end walls.

- Heavy plaster moulding often looks out of place and ugly in a modern setting, but you can minimise its impact by painting it the same color as the ceiling or walls.

- A room with small windows and little light will look brighter if you plan a scheme around white, with touches of sunny-yellow.

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PRICE 40 GUINEAS

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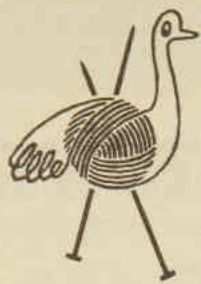
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WOOL'S WILD COLONIAL COLOURS

Bligh Blue — Cavalry Tan, typical of the ruling forces in Australia's early days, now topical wool colours winter 1963 . . . from the Wild Colonial colour collection in wool alone in handknitting and knitwear departments of all leading stores. Fresh, wild, proud colours — as explosive as the *Bounty* mutiny, as feminine as 18th Century petticoats and lace.

Illustrated is the Supreme Award Winner, Wool-knit Section, Australian Wool Bureau 1963 Fashion Awards, by Vera Fashions, Sydney. The colours are Cavalry Tan and Parchment.





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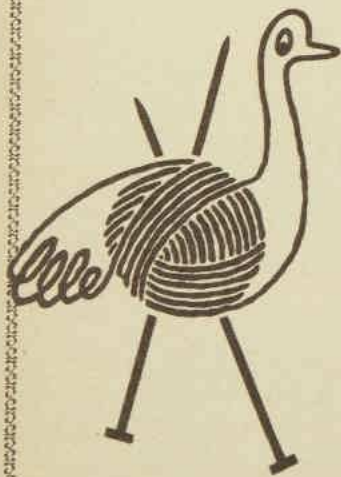
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Emu knitting patterns
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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● From Russia and from America reports have come recently of attempts to punish people for anti-social behaviour with penalties designed to fit the particular crime they have committed.

FOR instance in Russia, if a young man is picked up in the street and charged with being drunk and disorderly, or perhaps with hooliganism and destruction of public property, the judge in the court may sentence him to be punished by his Collective.

The Collective is a committee of people elected to organise things in a residential community or in a workplace like a factory or a farm.

Charged with the job of punishing an offender, the Collective has a wide range of penalties it can impose. It can fine the offender up to 10 roubles (about £4 Australian), it can down-grade him in his job, or it can deprive him of some of his rights as a citizen.

The kinds of punishment meted out for hooliganism are things such as banning him from attending films, dances, or football matches for a long or short period or preventing him from smoking or drinking.

Everybody in the community in which he lives or works makes it clear to him that he's thoroughly out of favor, and that unless he makes amends the courts and not the Collective will deal with him the next time.

Penalties to counter the toll of the road

A JUDGE in California, U.S.A., has been taking pretty strong steps along the same lines.

Traffic offenders in his court find themselves facing a bench in the form of a coffin.

A man recently charged with negligent driving was sentenced to walk the 40 miles back to where his car had been left after the accident; the temperature was a bit over 80 that day, and a police car followed him every step of the way to make sure he didn't hitch a ride with some passing motorist.

Two housewives booked for exceeding the speed limit were set the job of washing and polishing all the road signs in the area where their crime was committed.

Men convicted of speeding are often taken out in patrol cars so that every time the car stops at the scene of an accident they can be ordered to get out and clean up the wreckage.

Teenage jay-walkers have been sentenced to periods of standing at the edge of pedestrian crossings holding up signs drawing attention to the "cross" and "don't cross" signals.

President Kennedy's sister was sentenced in the same court to make a tour of a wrecked car dump and a local casualty hospital and then to write the judge a report on what she had seen—her crime, driving without a current licence.

Drunken drivers are sentenced to attend funerals and mingle with the mourning relatives of crash victims; others are sent to hospital casualty wards and to morgues, where they are forced to look at the results of dangerous driving habits.

As well as these punishments, all offenders are forced to attend a screening of a special road-safety film, and most agree that this is the worst part of the punishment.

The film is a horror actuality, and

guards stand by with smelling-salts for those who can't take it.

The Californian judge's campaign has been running for a year now, and the local safety council has announced that as a result of it traffic violations of all sorts have been reduced by 15 per cent.

More about

"The Young Visitors"

I'VE had an interesting letter from a reader in Queensland who knew Daisy Ashford's son, and who says it is not by any means true that "The Young Visitors" earned her "a lifetime's money." She writes:

"In the late 1940s, while teaching in Mackay, Queensland, I had the pleasure of meeting her son, John Devlin, who was then in the Merchant Navy.

"Daisy Ashford married a farmer and she had a struggle to raise a rather large family on a meagre income.

"It was during one of her frequent impecunious periods and early in her married life that she sold all copyrights of 'The Young Visitors' for a very paltry sum.

"She did write another story, one which her family, John told me, considered more amusing and whimsical than 'The Young Visitors,' but she could never be persuaded to offer it for publication."

"Animals flee grief— and men deplore chores."

I'VE just been reading Colette's "Break of Day"—one I can heartily recommend to the long-term Colette-lovers who like to read everything of hers that has been translated.

"Break of Day" isn't an autobiography and it isn't a novel—it's just a delightful colectionary written when she was somewhere between 45 and 50 (an age she appreciated to the full) and dedicated to the theme that "autumn is the only vintage time."

It's full of wisdom and gentle wit on two subjects that interested her in all of her long life—men and animals.

Of animals she writes, "I remember very definitely that when I was wretched because I had been disappointed in love, my animals loved me less. They sensed my grief, that great admission of failure.

"Shall we never have done with that cliché, so stupid that it could only be human, about the sympathy of animals for man when he is unhappy?

"Animals love happiness almost as much as we do. A fit of crying disturbs them, they'll sometimes imitate sobbing, and for a moment they'll reflect our sadness.

"But they flee unhappiness as they flee fever, and I believe that in the long run they are capable of boycotting it."

And on the subject of men, something that will make most housewives smile because of its absolute truth—

"When a man's glance is following certain household preparations, especially those for a meal, there is apt to be a look on his face that combines religious attention, boredom, and fear.

"Like cats, men dread sweeping, and the lighted stove, and soapy water being pushed with a broom over the tiled floor."

HOME AND FAMILY

DEARER BY THE DOZEN!

As told by a mother of 12 to reporter Kerry Yates

● A dozen different faces, shapes, and sizes greet me at the breakfast table each morning. No, it's not a dream—I'm "Mum" to them all.

YES, my husband and I have twelve children, who are very dear to us. And we must admit that they're very dear for our pockets, too.

There are seven boys and five girls—all singles, no doubles—the oldest is 22, and we have a baby boy of three.

My husband has his own business in the city and he has worked to make it grow with the family. Our three oldest are working

make beds and tidy their room while the other girls make their own beds and clean their room.

The two older boys make their beds and then one tidies the verandah and the other the bathroom.

While I cook the breakfast, Dad puts the vacuum-cleaner around the floors.

We usually have breakfast in relays. Some eat while others wash and dress. It's never a very organised meal.

All the kids have different breakfast cereals, so

school they do their own ironing.

So it's not too bad.

After the washing is out on the lines, I have a general clean-up and might polish the kitchen floor or do some shopping.

I usually go up to the local shops every couple of days and on Saturdays Dad takes me to a supermarket.

We're always welcome customers at the shops, and with the extra service from everyone I really enjoy shopping.

I usually make a list of the essentials and gather lots

repeated every couple of days.

And at the butcher's:

5lb. silverside
6lb. sausages
3½lb. rump steak
6 sets of brains
4lb. hamburger steak
14 cutlets
2lb. bacon

We have 12 pints of milk delivered each morning, but when the kids are home on the weekends we usually buy a few extra bottles, too.

We don't often buy cakes because I try to have at least one "baking day" a week.

I seem to cook for hours, baking three or four slabs and a few dozen patty-cakes.

But they are all gone in a couple of days.

The old saying "cheaper by the dozen" doesn't really ring true.

Ice-creams all round means 6/- or 7/-, fish and chips at the beach often comes to 30/-.

And, of course, there's pocket-money—we give all the schoolchildren an amount each week. We've set a scale according to ages, starting at 15/- a week and ranging down to 6d. a day.

teenagers undresses and baths them and another dries them and puts on their pyjamas.

Dad always cleans their teeth. We stress the importance of good teeth and all the children go for regular check-ups.

Dentist bills come in all the time, and only last week we had one for nearly £80.

The youngsters watch television for a while after their bath while the school-kids do their homework.

Dad organises the children to clean their shoes and prepare their clothes for the next day before they go to bed.

Friends often rag us about our "cricket team" (11 and a reserve as well) and everyone always asks, "Don't you ever leave someone behind?"

Well, we can't deny that. Once, when there were only nine in the tribe, we went for a picnic to the country. We were half-way home about 5 p.m., and about 30 miles away, when I just felt something or someone was missing.

Sure enough, on counting heads we found we'd left one of the girls behind. When we

In the wash - 56 shirts

now, seven go to school, and there are two youngsters under four who are still at home all day.

We all live in a modern brick cottage which has also had to grow with the family.

There are three large bedrooms and a newly added rumpus-room which runs the whole length of the house.

The sleeping problem has at last been solved.

We started off with a cot and have been adding beds to the household ever since.

We bought single beds at first, then changed to three-quarter size, and now we have double bunks—four of them—and three night-and-day sofas, and our bed, and still a cot.

With all the mod cons—like the washing-machine, floor polishers, etc., plus the family "cheap labor"—we've a built-in cleaning service.

With 14 of us, a perfect day-to-day routine is essential—and I think we have just that!

On weekdays, Dad and I wake up about 6.30 for an early cup of tea. At a quarter to seven it's "All up!" for everyone—and it's usually the oldest few who are last out of bed.

No need for orders—everything's automatic. One girl helps the younger boys

the cupboards are stacked with rival brands.

I try to cook a couple of different things—say a dozen sausages and a dozen fried eggs and a pan of scrambled eggs—so there's a choice.

After breakfast the older ones usually check that the schoolkids have cleaned their teeth, brushed their hair, and are neatly dressed for school, with their cases packed.

The three oldest rush to catch the 10 to eight bus to the city, and Dad drops the younger ones off to school in the car on his way to the office.

Every day is washday for me, so I try to start at 9.30 each morning. I always have at least two 12lb. loads each day and three or four loads on a Monday morning.

My "weekly wash" includes:

28 sheets
7 dozen towels
3 dozen tea-towels
12 dozen pairs of socks
10 pairs of school stockings
56 shirts
6 dozen handkerchiefs
At least 160 items of underwear

Ironing is quite a job, so I try to do some every day.

Towels, tea-towels, and sheets just get a quick rub-over, and once the girls reach the first year at high

of other things as I walk round the store. We always manage to fill two large wire push-around carriages.

Here's one of my weekend shopping-lists—and there won't be much to show of it by next shopping day, I'm sure.

4lb. butter
2lb. margarine
4 quick-frozen chickens
4 knobs of luncheon sausage
5 dozen eggs
8lb. sugar

Milk - 12 pints a day

12 packets of biscuits.

4 large packets of breakfast foods

6 large tins of fruit

3 tins of jam

1 jar of honey

1 jar of peanut butter

1lb. tea

1lb. coffee

3 tubes of toothpaste

7 cakes soap

6 toilet rolls

15lb. potatoes

4lb. tomatoes

4lb. bananas

2 dozen oranges

2 dozen apples

2lb. peas

2lb. beans

14 cobs of sweetcorn

Except for the potatoes, the order is more or less

Many times Dad has decided to beat the enormous shopping-lists. A couple of years back everyone was included in great plans to grow our own fruit and vegetables, keep our own chickens for eggs, and we even had a beehive for honey.

After months of hard work, kids being stung by bees, and Dad cutting his thumb while chopping off a chicken's head, we decided it would be a lot safer to give do-it-yourself away.

Every afternoon around 3 o'clock the smaller children begin to arrive home from school and the rush is on again.

The children are allowed to watch television while I prepare the evening meal for about 6 o'clock, when the older ones and Dad get home from work.

We set up another table in the kitchen when the 14 of us are home together for a meal.

After I've made the tea, my day is finished.

The girls take it in turn to wash and dry up and one sweeps the floor, another puts the things away, and one of the youngsters puts the milk bottles out.

Then it's bathtime for the little ones. One of the



WON'T EAT?

Does your dog refuse big, meaty bones he once loved? Does he walk away from his food? Check his diet. He may be suffering from Vitamin Starvation. Your pet must receive a fresh supply of Vitamin B daily. Meat lacks Vitamin B. As a result, many dogs suffer from Vitamin Starvation. Get your dog FRENDS Vitamin B tablets made specially for dogs. Friends are yeast in tablet form and yeast is nature's richest natural source of the Vitamin B group. Friends liver and ox flavoured yeast tablets contain 15 essential "B" vitamins plus high-grade protein. A course of Friends tablets will end Vitamin Starvation, build up your dog's stamina, help him regain a healthy appetite, bring him back to his bounding best.



Start your dog on a course of FRENDS today. Friends Yeast Tablets—from pet shops, chemists, country stores.

Is your baby bottle fed?



Baby knows by instinct this Maw's Teat conforms with the shape of nursing mother's breast.

Maw's Teats are cherry-shaped for correct feeding action. The tender softness of pure rubber allows baby to control the flow of milk instinctively.

Maw's Teats in four hole sizes fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adaptor. Your chemist has a full range of Maw's baby feeding needs.

Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks. Maw's Sterilization Outfit keeps baby's teats and bottles germ-free spotless!



Liverish? Out-of-sorts?

If you're bilious and headachy, your system is out of order and nature needs help! Take PINKETTES tonight—and feel ever so much brighter tomorrow. PINKETTES, the tiny laxative pills, are safe and gentle in action. They dispel biliousness, sick headaches, tone up sluggish digestion—help you to feel "fit-as-a-fiddle." PINKETTES are effective, but not habit forming. Take them with confidence just when you need them. At all chemists and stores.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





TRANSFER AND PATTERN

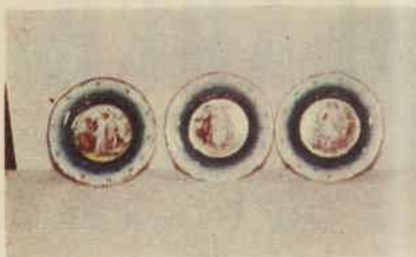
● DAINTY ladies and butterflies in pastel pink and blue are from Iron-on Transfer No. 1006. The price is 2/-.

The pattern for the lady's waist apron with handy pocket is also available. Price is 2/6. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives information about some plates, a jug, and two vases owned by readers.



● Plates are Austrian porcelain

I have three plates with pictures painted in the centre. The pictures are different on each plate. One plate is signed Kauffmann on the back and each has the number 280. —Miss J. French, Kerang, Vic.

The plates (above) are late 19th century, made about 1885. They are Austrian porcelain. The decoration is transfer-printed and the subject matter is after an oil painting by Angelica Kauffmann, who painted classical subjects in England during the late 18th century. She never painted porcelain. The "signature" on your specimen is also transfer-printed.



● Lustre vases

In Australia there are numerous examples of Continental trade porcelain bearing the name Kauffmann. Many have been sold to the unwary as genuine antiques.

★ ★ ★

My pair of ornaments stand 12in. tall and have a band of flowers and leaves painted in gold and white around the top. —Miss R. A. Nash, Mosman, N.S.W.

Your pair of ornaments (above) are Victorian lustre vases and were made about 1865.



● Victorian jug

How old is my set of three jugs, please? The smallest is about 8in. high and the largest about 12in. The background is white with a pin-pricked-type surface. There are no markings on any of the jugs, but I know they are over 100 years old. —Mrs. T. Oakley, Fauchner, Vic.

Your set of three lovely matching jugs (one shown above) is English Staffordshire. They were made about 1850.



White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended bright, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.

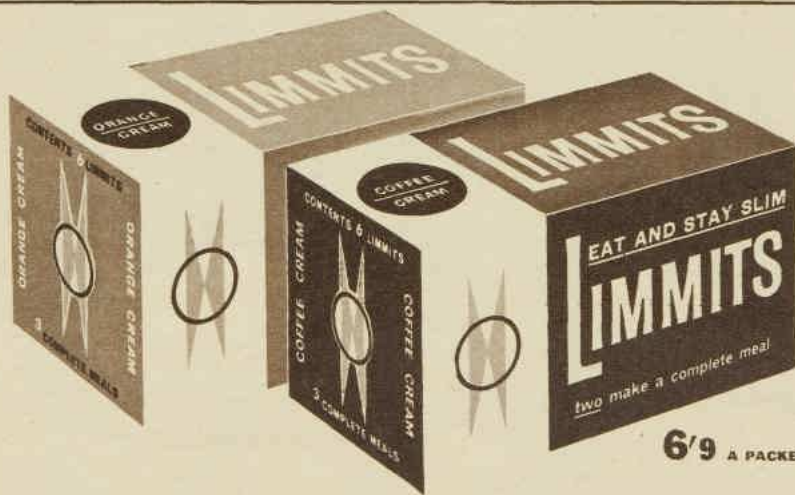


So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: Cosy with lots of hot milk . . . Cappuccino, with a dash of nutmeg on the creamy top . . . or after-dinner demitasse, with cream. So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)

“I’m getting tired of those orange cream Limmits...”

“Then why not try the new coffee cream flavour”



6'9 A PACKET • 3 complete meals • At chemists and stores everywhere

We had to face up to it!

Some people simply don't like the sweet crunchy flavour of Orange Cream Limmits. Now this is unfair to women who want to control their weight, but just don't have a sweet tooth. And so for them (and for Orange Cream devotees who want to vary the fare), we introduce a new Coffee Cream flavour. Now everybody can eat LIMMITS—the revolutionary new and medically approved way to control weight easily.

LIMMITS ARE THE MEAL THAT HELPS YOU SLIM Two delicious crunchy LIMMITS will give you all the nutriment, all the vitamins, and all the satisfaction of a full meal. BUT it's a meal high in nutriment and low in calories. All over the world millions of women who thought they 'couldn't stay on diet' have discovered they can miss a meal and never feel the difference. They can see the difference, weigh the difference, and hear the compliments of their friends . . . but they never, never feel the pangs of hunger! If you need to watch your weight, LIMMITS will watch it for you. All you do is eat LIMMITS with your favourite beverage instead of one or two meals a day.



LIMMITS ARE THE SAFE WAY TO CONTROL WEIGHT LIMMITS contain no drugs. Each LIMMIT provides 175 Calories, 3.07 G. Protein, 15.5 G. Carbohydrate and 11 G. Fat. LIMMITS contain per ounce: Sodium Alginate 750 mg., Vitamin A 860 I.U., Vitamin B₁ 0.26 mg., Vitamin B₂ 0.30 mg., Vitamin C 10.33 mg., Vitamin D₁₂ 1 I.U., Nicotinamide 2.15 mg., Calcium 101 mg., Phosphorus 77.5 mg., Iron 2.2 mg.

| TABLE OF RECOMMENDED IDEAL WEIGHTS | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|------|------|-------|------|-------|-------|-------|-----|------|------|------|
| (20-30 years, weight without clothing, medium build) | | | | | | | | | | | |
| WOMEN | | | | MEN | | | | | | | |
| ft. | ins. | sts. | lbs. | ft. | ins. | sts. | lbs. | ft. | ins. | sts. | lbs. |
| 5 0 | 7 11 | 7 12 | 8 2 | 5 2 | 8 2 | 8 6 | 8 10 | | | | |
| 5 1 | 8 0 | 8 2 | 8 4 | 5 3 | 8 5 | 8 10 | 8 13 | | | | |
| 5 2 | 8 2 | 8 5 | 8 7 | 5 4 | 8 9 | 9 0 | 9 3 | | | | |
| 5 3 | 8 5 | 8 8 | 8 11 | 5 5 | 8 13 | 9 4 | 9 7 | | | | |
| 5 4 | 8 8 | 8 11 | 9 0 | 5 6 | 9 3 | 9 7 | 9 10 | | | | |
| 5 5 | 8 12 | 9 1 | 9 4 | 5 7 | 9 7 | 9 11 | 10 0 | | | | |
| 5 6 | 9 2 | 9 5 | 9 7 | 5 8 | 9 10 | 10 1 | 10 4 | | | | |
| 5 7 | 9 6 | 9 8 | 9 11 | 5 9 | 10 0 | 10 5 | 10 9 | | | | |
| 5 8 | 9 8 | 9 12 | 10 1 | 5 10 | 10 4 | 10 9 | 10 13 | | | | |
| 5 9 | 9 12 | 10 2 | 10 4 | 5 11 | 10 8 | 10 13 | 11 5 | | | | |
| 5 10 | 10 2 | 10 5 | 10 8 | 6 0 | 10 12 | 11 6 | 11 11 | | | | |
| 5 11 | 10 7 | 10 9 | 10 12 | 6 1 | 11 4 | 11 13 | 12 2 | | | | |
| | | | | 6 2 | 11 9 | 12 3 | 12 7 | | | | |

N.B. The ideal weight at 30 years should be maintained for the rest of your life. Based on figures prepared by the Institute of Life Extension Examiners, New York, U.S.A.

Mum's on the right track...



There ought to be a better word than delicious—
just for

Kellogg's^{*} CORN FLAKES

Best flavour
Crispness that welcomes milk
More nourishment in every friendly flake

The best to you each morning

*Registered Trade Mark

K16



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1963

PROCESSED MILK COOKERY

● Household supplies of fresh milk are usually a standard amount, so it is wise to keep a store of the processed milks — evaporated, powdered, crystallised, and condensed—for emergencies.

Processed milks are easily reconstituted for use in recipes which require full cream or skim milk, and in many dishes give extra flavor and texture.

Powdered milk and crystals

POWDERED milk, a soft cream-powder, has long been an established stand-by of the housewife who likes to cook and use milk generously in her cooking. It is available in two forms — skim milk and full-cream — and can be reconstituted to fresh-milk consistency by whisking with water, as directed on can.

Milk crystals are a new type of instant-milk, available in crystal or fine granular form, as full-cream or skimmed milks. These crystals, used according to directions on can or package, dissolve instantly, even in cold water, and are a substitute for fresh milk—especially in desserts or flavored drinks.

Skim milk of either type—powdered or crystals—is, with its low calorie content, an essential for dieters who watch their weight. Both these types of processed milks (powdered milk, and the new milk crystals) are easy to use, either with water or dry.

Instead of adding milk as recipe states when making cakes, scones, or biscuits, simply add the required amount of powdered milk or milk crystals to the other dry ingredients, then add water to the mixture where the recipe method directs.

SEAFOOD CREAM BAKE

Six large fish fillets, salt, pepper, paprika, 1½ pints of fish or chicken stock, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ pint reconstituted skimmed milk, 1½ teaspoons anchovy sauce, ½ lb. sliced mushrooms, chopped parsley, little butter.

Place fish fillets in greased casserole, season with salt, pepper, and paprika. Blend flour and stock, add milk and sauce. Pour over fish, arrange mushrooms on top, dot with butter, sprinkle with parsley. Cover, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serves 6.

LAZY LUNCHEON

Eight slices fresh bread, melted butter, 1 cup grated tasty cheese, 1 large can whole kernel corn, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons full cream powdered milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, bacon rashers and tomato to garnish.

Cut crusts from bread, arrange round outside of ovenproof dish, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with half the cheese. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, or until browned. Add powdered milk to corn liquid, add beaten eggs and corn kernels, salt and cayenne. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens. Fill into breadlined dish, top with remainder of cheese. Bake in moderate oven few minutes until cheese has lightly browned and melted. Serve topped with grilled bacon and tomato. Serves 6.

CHEESE-CHUTNEY BISCUITS

One sweetening pellet, 3 dessertspoons reconstituted skimmed powdered milk or milk crystals, 1 cup flour, 1 cup grated cheese, 2oz. soft butter, poppy seeds and chutney.

Dissolve pellet in milk. Sift flour, add cheese, then, using 2 knives, cut butter into flour and cheese until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Stir in sweetened milk. Shape mixture into long roll about 2in. wide; chill 1 hour. Using greased knife, cut roll into ½in. thick slices, place on greased oven-slide. Sprinkle with poppy seeds, add dab chutney. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 24.

CHUCK WAGON SPECIAL

Three-quarters pound sliced bacon, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ tablespoons bacon drippings, 1 cup reconstituted full cream milk, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 2½ cups cooked lima beans, ½ cup (2oz.) shredded cheese.

Cut bacon into ½in. pieces, soak in hot water 10 minutes; drain. Fry pieces in pan until crisp. Pour away drippings, but keep 1½ tablespoons in the pan. Stir in flour, then milk, cook about 3 to 4 minutes until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Stir in onion, paprika, mustard. Put half the lima beans into casserole. Cover with the hot sauce, top with remaining beans. Sprinkle over the shredded cheese, bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes, or until well heated. Serves 6.

COFFEE TINGLE

One and a half pints black coffee, 2 cups full-cream milk crystals, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons sugar, ice-cubes, ice-cream.

Place coffee, milk crystals, vanilla and sugar in a large jug; mix well, or beat on an electric blender a few seconds. Pour the drink into 6 tall glasses, add few ice-cubes and scoop of ice-cream to each. Serves 6.

PROCESSED MILK was used to make the dishes shown above. They are Apricot Custard Slices, American Casserole, Chocolate Foam Pie, Fudge Macaroon Fancies, Hileah Pork Chops, and Choco-Nut Chews.

Level spoon measurements and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes in this feature.

SLIM TRIM VICHYSOISE

Two cups leeks (including some of the green tops, sliced), 4 cups water, 4 chicken bouillon cubes, 1 teaspoon celery seeds, 1 bay-leaf, cayenne pepper, salt, 12 tablespoons skimmed powdered milk or milk crystals (blended with 2 cups water), 1 cup yoghurt.

Combine in saucepan the chopped leeks, water, bouillon cubes, celery seeds, bay-leaf, salt, cayenne pepper. Simmer gently, covered, until leeks are soft (about ½ hour). Rub through fine sieve, add milk mixture, bring just to boiling point; chill. Just before serving add yoghurt. Serves 6.

CHOCOLATE CRUMBLES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons fresh milk, 10 tablespoons full-cream powdered milk, 2 tablespoons drinking chocolate or cocoa, 1 teaspoon sherry or fruit juice, 1 cup coconut, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup raisins (seeded and chopped), 2 cups corn cereal, vanilla.

Place butter, sugar, and milk in saucepan, stir until dissolved. Pour into basin, sprinkle on the powdered milk. Beat until well blended, add chocolate powder, vanilla, and sherry, stir in coconut, dried fruits, and lastly corn cereal. Place small heaps on greaseproof paper, or in paper patty-cases; chill in refrigerator until set. Makes about 24.

ORANGE CRYSTAL SCONES

One pound self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons full-cream powdered milk, pinch salt, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1½ cups water, 24 pieces loaf sugar, grated rind and juice of 2 oranges.

Sift flour, powdered milk, and salt into basin, rub in butter lightly. Add 2oz. sugar, mix to soft dough with water. Turn out on lightly floured board, press or roll out about 1½in. thick. Cut into small rounds with floured cutter, arrange on floured tray. Dip sugar pieces in orange juice and rind mixture, then press ones into top of each scone. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 24.

AMERICAN CASSEROLE

Two cups cooked cubed ham or chicken, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked carrot, 1 large can cream-style corn, 1 cup cubed cheddar cheese, ½ cup reconstituted full-cream powdered milk, ½ cup finely chopped shallots or onion, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 2 chopped, skinned tomatoes.

In large greased casserole combine ham or chicken, peas, carrot, corn, cheese, milk, shallots or onion, and tomatoes; season to taste with salt, pepper, worcestershire sauce. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes, or until bubbling at edges.

Crunch Topping: Two cups self-raising flour, good pinch salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons cornmeal, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup reconstituted full-cream powdered milk (more if needed), extra ½ cup grated cheese.

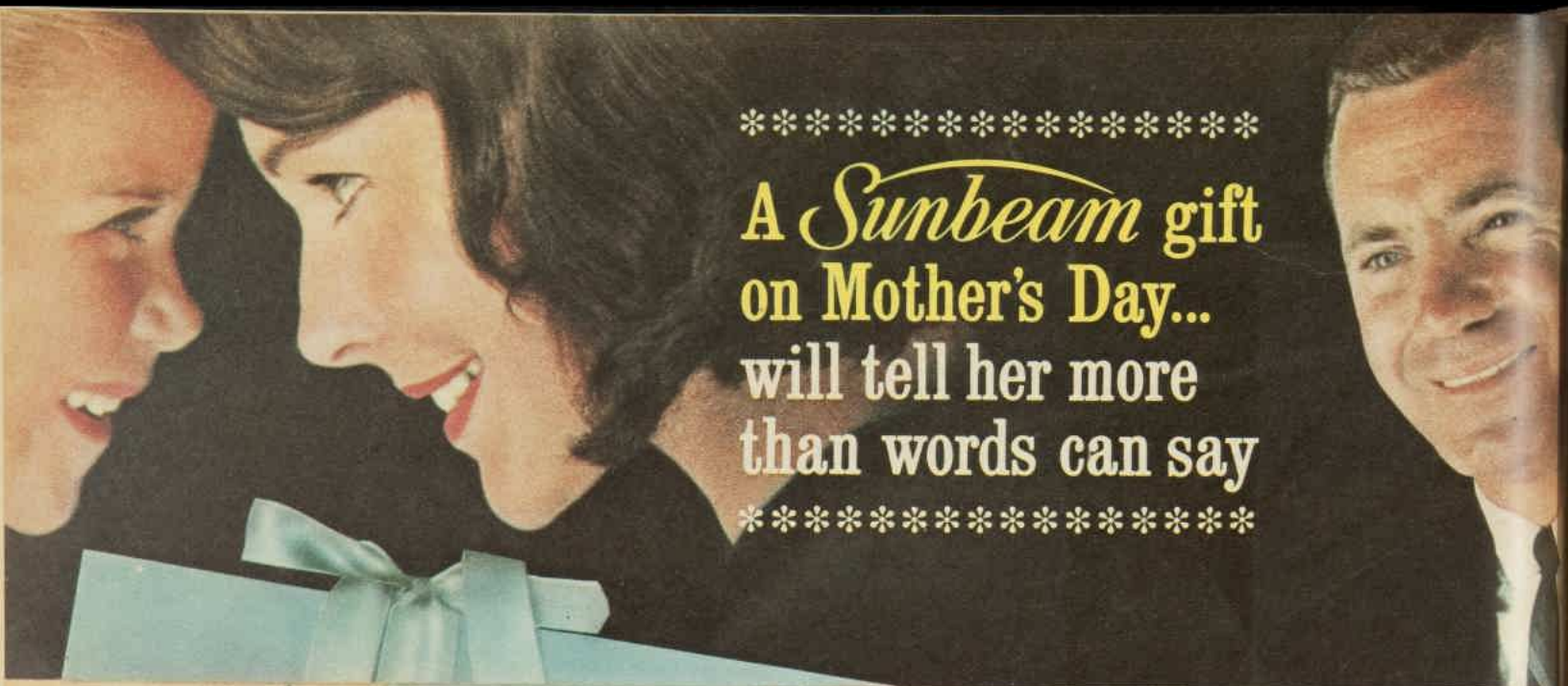
Sift flour, salt, and pepper into basin, add cornmeal and cheese. Rub in butter or substitute, mix to stiff dough with beaten egg and milk, adding more milk if necessary to get desired consistency. Spoon on top of hot casserole, leaving centre uncovered. Bake 20 minutes, or until golden brown in hot oven. Just before end of baking time, sprinkle extra cheese over top of dish. Serves 6.

CHOCOLATE FOAM PIE

One 9in. baked biscuit or crumb crust, 1oz. gelatine, ½ cup water, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup cocoa, pinch salt, 1 cup reconstituted full-cream powdered milk or milk crystals, ½ pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, extra sugar.

Soften gelatine in cold water, stir in sugar, cocoa, and salt. Stir over low heat until gelatine dissolves completely, about 5 minutes (do not boil). Remove from heat, stir in warm milk, chill until beginning to thicken. Add half the cream and vanilla. Beat until mixture is very thick and doubled in bulk. Fill into biscuit or crumb crust and chill. Serve topped with remaining cream sweetened and flavored to taste, and decorated with chocolate shavings and angelica. Serves 6.

Continued on page 43



A Sunbeam gift
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will tell her more
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Whether it's the first she ever owned, or the next one on her dream-list, a Sunbeam gift expresses all the thanks you've left unsaid. It lightens her heart, it brightens her life; it tells her, as nothing else can, that you care enough to give the best.

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EXCLUSIVE LEVER TILTS PAN FOR
CRISPER GRILLS, EASIER BASTING



BONANZA MEAT LOAF: A new slant to the ever-popular meat loaf is made by filling with savory stuffing, rolling, and then baking.

PROCESSED MILKS . . . continued

Made with evaporated milk

EVAPORATED milk is a liquid of the consistency and appearance of cream, and is actually fresh milk from which approximately 60 per cent. of the water content has been evaporated. To reconstitute to fresh milk consistency, add required amount of water as stated on can.

It gives a rich, creamy smoothness when added to sweet or savory sauces and is an economical substitute for fresh cream. Because of its hygienic processing and full nutritional value, it is now used widely as a substitute baby food.

Unsweetened evaporated milk is an essential ingredient in many recipes for desserts, delicious creamy soups, and ice-cream.

When whipping evaporated milk, make sure it is well chilled; it can then be beaten into a thick cream, increasing to almost three times its original volume.

BONANZA MEAT LOAF

One-and-a-half pounds fine lean minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage mince, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 small onion finely chopped, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, few drops Worcestershire sauce, 2 cups soft bread-crumbs, extra 1 finely chopped onion, good pinch mixed herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced celery, 1oz. butter, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk.

Combine in basin minced steak, sausage mince, salt, pepper, onion, and sauces; mix well together. Spread mixture out on rectangular piece of greased aluminium foil to about 1 in. thickness. Prepare stuffing: Sauté extra onion and celery in heated butter, mix into breadcrumbs with herbs and seasonings. Add evaporated milk, mix well. Spread over meat mixture evenly. Then carefully roll meat up into jelly-roll. Wrap in greased aluminium foil, place in baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Turn back foil, continue cooking until tender (about 30 minutes longer) and browned evenly. Pour off all fat, slice and serve to 6.

APRICOT CUSTARD SLICES

Six ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 large can apricot halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot syrup, 2 eggs (slightly beaten), 1 cup evaporated milk, whipped sweetened cream, and extra apricot halves.

Sift flour and salt into basin, cut in butter or substitute with 2 knives until mixture looks like coarse meal. Work into ball with hands, then press over base of lightly greased shallow 8 in. square tin. Drain apricots well, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of syrup. Arrange apricots all over pastry base, sprinkle over sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes. Mix together apricot syrup, beaten eggs, and evaporated milk; pour over apricots. Continue baking in moderate oven until custard

is firm except in centre (about 30 minutes). Centre will become firm on standing. Serve warm or cold cut into squares and topped with cream and apricot halves. Serves 6.

HILEAH PORK CHOPS

Six lean pork chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely sliced celery, 1 packet onion soup-mix, 1 can mushrooms in sauce, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, hot boiled rice.

Sprinkle pork chops with salt and pepper, brown in hot fat in frying-pan. Drain off fat, stir in water, celery, and onion soup-mix. Cover, cook over low heat 30 minutes, or until chops are tender. Add mushrooms, parsley, and evaporated milk; stir over low heat until steaming. Arrange chops on rice, spoon over sauce. Serves 6.

FUDGE MACARON FANCIES

Half cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup chopped chocolate or chocolate pieces, 2 cups corn cereal, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shredded coconut (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts.

Combine in saucepan evaporated milk, sugar, and butter; stir over medium heat until mixture boils, then simmer 2 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla, chocolate pieces; stir until melted then add corn cereal, coconut, and chopped nuts. Drop quickly from tablespoon on to waxed paper. Let stand until set. Makes about 24.

MACARONI CHEESE RING

Eight ounces macaroni, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 green pepper (finely chopped), 1 cup shredded cheese, 2 eggs (well beaten), 1 cup evaporated milk, 6oz. finely chopped ham, salt, cayenne, 1 can mushroom soup (prepared as directed on can).

Cook macaroni in salted water until tender, drain. Mix with onion, pepper, cheese, eggs, evaporated milk, salt, and cayenne. Grease the ring-tin, sprinkle base with the chopped ham, spoon in macaroni mixture. Stand in baking-tin in which hot water has been placed. Bake in moderate oven until firm on top (about 1 hour). Unmould, serve with hot mushroom soup. Serves 6.

CHOCO-NUT CHEWS

One-and-a-half cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup peanut butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups uncooked rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salted peanuts or nuts.

Combine sugar, cocoa, evaporated milk, and butter in saucepan. Stir over low heat until mixture bubbles; boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add peanut butter, vanilla, oats, and peanuts or nuts; mix well. Drop by teaspoon-fuls on waxed paper, allow to set. Makes 36.

Continued overleaf

4 ways to tempt baby to energy-giving foods



Babies adore Heinz cereals. Know why? Because Heinz has so perfected them they're almost as easy to swallow as milk—and every bit as delicious. These are the smoothest, easiest to mix of all baby cereals. No wonder they're the chosen first solids for more and more Australian babies every day.

Extra nutritious, too—for as you'd expect Heinz use only the finest-grown grains. Four different kinds: Rice, Oatmeal, High Protein or Mixed — just to make sure your baby will never tire of this vital energy-giving food in his diet. And like all Heinz Baby Foods, you'll find Heinz Baby Cereals at grocers and Supermarkets everywhere.



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The good they do your baby now . . . lasts a lifetime

PROCESSED

MILK . . . concluded

Condensed milk recipes

SWEETENED condensed milk is fluid milk, concentrated by removing portion of the water and adding sugar. It is a simple addition to tea or coffee, giving milk and sweetness at the same time. But have you tried it as a recipe ingredient?

Try it in ice-cream recipes in place of sugar, using approximately the same amount. In addition to giving a richer texture, the hard beating necessary to dissolve sugar is reduced because the sugar is already incorporated in condensed milk.

It gives to butterscotch desserts a rich mellowness and smooth creamy consistency.

When mixed with acids, such as lemon juice or vinegar, it makes a thick sauce base for savory dressings and pie fillings.

BUTTERSCOTCH SPANGLE

This basic filling can be used in a large pie, small tarts or layered with cream or ice-cream in tall sweets glasses.

Half cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 can sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with 2 tablespoons water), 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar and butter in saucepan, stir over heat until boiling; cook 5 minutes. Add condensed milk slowly, bring to the boil. Blend in cornflour, stir until thickened. Remove from heat, add vanilla. Allow to cool slightly and use as desired.

For a large pie—Coconut Crust: Three ounces full-cream powdered milk, 5oz. coconut, 3oz. flour, 5oz. melted butter.

Combine all dry ingredients, mix in melted butter. Press over base and sides of 9in. pie-plate. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Allow to cool before filling.

For Small Tarts: Use your favorite biscuit or shortcrust pastry and bake small pastry shells. Fill with butterscotch, decorate each with small sweets to represent a face. Ideal for children's parties.

For Desserts: Fill into tall sweets dishes with alternate layers of whipped sweetened cream to which coconut, macaroons, grated chocolate or chopped ginger has been added. Serve well chilled. Serves 6.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Crust: Three cups crushed biscuit crumbs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4 to 6oz. melted butter or substitute.

Combine all ingredients and press into 7in. or 8in. pie-plate; chill.

Lemon Filling: One can sweetened condensed milk, 2 egg-yolks, grated rind 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice.

Combine condensed milk and egg-yolks. Gradually beat in lemon juice, lastly add lemon rind. Pour into prepared crust, return to refrigerator.

Meringue, Two egg-whites, 1-3rd cup sugar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat until mixture holds its shape. Pile on to lemon filling, place under hot grill until lightly browned. Serves 6.

MERRA-BELL ICE-CREAM

One can sweetened condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fresh milk, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, vanilla.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine sweetened condensed milk and fresh milk, add salt, then gelatine dissolved in the water. Pour into refrigerator trays, and freeze to soft mush. Remove from trays, beat 2 minutes. Add whipped cream, flavor with vanilla. Pour back into trays, freeze until firm. Serves 6.

PIQUANT TARTARE SAUCE

Half can sweetened condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 egg-yolk, pinch sugar and salt, little cayenne pepper, 1 chopped gherkin, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon canned red pepper, (chopped).

Combine all ingredients in bowl, mix well. Store in covered container in refrigerator.

APPLE WALDORF SALAD

One head celery, 6 eating apples, 4 hard-boiled eggs, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 to 2 teaspoons made mustard, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons sweetened condensed milk, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, lettuce, chopped parsley.

Curl some celery, cut remainder into small dice. Peel apples, cut into small dice; mix well together. Mash egg-yolks, add salt, cayenne, mustard and sugar; add condensed milk gradually, stirring well. Gradually add vinegar, lemon juice and partly whipped cream. Mix

the dressing with apple and celery, fill into individual serving-dishes which have been lined with crisp lettuce. Garnish with hard-boiled egg-whites, curled celery, and little finely chopped parsley. Serves 6.

RUSSIAN CARAMELS

Four ounces butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 can sweetened condensed milk.

Melt butter, add sugar, syrup, and milk. Stir well all the time it is cooking (about 20 minutes) or until it begins to leave sides of pan. Set in buttered square or oblong tin. When nearly set, mark deeply into squares. Cut and wrap when cold.

BUTTER-SCOTCH SPANGLE: This creamy rich butterscotch filling made with sweetened condensed milk can be served as a pie filling, or as a dessert.



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a woman's mind
when her
heart's set on
the best



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to make a derogatory remark, say it right out."

"I approve of Thad," I said.

"I thought you did," Lewis sneered. "He's got a great background. Blood will tell, you know."

I had asked for it. I knew Lewis' weakness. It was one reason he had married me. "So has Bliss," I said.

He looked at me wordlessly for a moment and then he smiled, just the crack of a smile. "Bliss has everything," he said with satisfaction.

The ceremony was scheduled to take place at 5.00 p.m. at our church, and the reception at our house was set for 6.30 with four hundred people invited. There was a luncheon for the bridesmaids at the Milton Tennis Club, and Bliss had chosen to spend the time between one-thirty and three at the hairdresser's.

I decided to check on the progress of the decorators at the church before I faced her. That would leave us almost no time together and I had decided that this was the only way to approach the matter. The girls would be coming in, for the robing of the bride, immediately after Bliss got home, and I could fade into the background and try not to think.

My daughter and I had never been close. From earliest babyhood she had leaned to Lewis, melting on to his shoulder and insinuating her

BY THE WAY

Why is it that the first motel
We see in morning's light
Is always more appealing
than
The one we found last night?

— Ian Healy.

dependence, cajoling him with all the ancient, innate knowledge of girl children. He had been a ready foil for her advances. Although he had wanted a son, the first sight of her had undone him so completely that he had never recovered.

When I think about it now, I know that Bliss fell like a ray of light across the caverns of his loveless life. I cannot regard Lewis' lovelessness any more without a wave of guilt.

He came of a hard-pressed tenant farmer's brood, grubbing subsistence out of a dryland farm, and I don't suppose his mother had time to love him. As a man, he did not inspire affection, and he had learned to live without it, to substitute other things. He was already rock-ribbed when I met him, and there seemed to be no softness about him.

But Bliss, before she could hold her head up, became his Achilles' heel. With her advent, even his business began to move upward on its steady ascent. I supposed she provided the impetus; after she was born, it seemed that Lewis could not fail. Everything he did succeeded, so that she was like a charm to him. He spoiled her outrageously.

My pregnancy had been complicated and after Bliss was born by Caesarean section I was ill for a long time and prey to miasmic depression that occasionally follows such a pregnancy.

My father, who was a physician, deplored these Victorian vapors; but there was simply nothing I could do about myself. The emotional turmoil of the year just gone had left me too vitiated to fight, and in those languid and dismal months my daughter was given into the care of nurses. I never retrieved her from this regimen.

Actually, Lewis, from that time on, ordered her life — or she ordered his. They had such an affinity that my efforts and even my insistences were ignored. When we were together, I sometimes had the feeling that I was intruding, for what interest Lewis had ever evinced in me he now concentrated manifold on Bliss.

In a way, of course, I was glad; but it was as if, in having borne Bliss, I had fulfilled my purpose and

Continuing . . . THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

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could now be relegated safely to hostess-ship, contingent on whatever public image occupied Lewis at the time.

Bliss was an enchanting child, more spirited than pretty, but with the bones of real beauty. Her eyes were brown and flecked with gold. When she looked up from under her long lashes—a trick she had—you wanted to give her whatever it was she desired. I was not proof against this look. In fact, when she was little I yearned toward my daughter with the sort of anguish there is no use going into.

We never seemed to have very much in common; there was always the nurse between us, or the governess, or Lewis. I think I bored

her. My personality, if I had one, was in a muted shade, not the sharp, direct, primary colors that went with Bliss and Lewis.

They were the active, eager extroverts, always rushing from one climax to another; but I was introverted, or so they said: the quiet one; a tall, pale woman with indefinite-color hair and indefinite-color eyes (grey, to be exact), and long, thin, useless hands, always holding a book or some little piece of petit point, a hobby I affected to give me something to do that required nothing of me.

I liked quiet games, but they

were too impatient to play. I loved music, but they were too busy to listen. I enjoyed a loved voice in conversation, but that did not happen to me very often.

Yes, I think I bored her when she was young. I know that my efforts at discipline bored her. She disliked being told what to do or what not to do, and Lewis bore her out. She had a mind of her own, he said, and was perfectly capable of making her own decisions. I was not sure of that. I had once had a mind of my own. I never won a single victory where Bliss was concerned, not even when it came to her christening.

I had wanted to call her Martha, after my mother; but Lewis would

have none of it. He pondered Faith and Hope, which somehow gave me a chilled feeling along my spine, and then he said, "I've got it, Bliss! It's exactly right—Bliss Latham."

I did not much care for the name Bliss. It seemed fancy to me. I liked the good old stuffy names I had grown up with in Milton—Sarah and Martha and Jane. Bliss sounded like an opera singer. But I was powerless to stop him. She was christened Bliss Latham, and Lewis not only adored her, he adored her name.

"My Bliss," he always said. For a long time it fell oddly on my ear,

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WHO'LL
WHITER

Mrs. Jenkins uses a copper

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New Formula Persil is the only washing powder made specially to wash whiter by washing machine as well as by boiling. In fact, it actually works like boiling because of the bubbling action of its unique



PENGUIN is an Easter egg.



ROOSTER and chickens in a basket of straw.

Pretty, edible Easter eggs

● A welcome addition to Easter festivities would be these little novelty hard-boiled eggs dressed up in colorful garb—and completely edible. They are easy and quick to make.

A QUEENSLAND reader is awarded the £5 prize this week for her directions for making these attractive egg decorations.

EASTER EGG NOVELTIES

Three hard-boiled eggs, black olives or cooked prunes, cloves, 1 small carrot, cottage cheese, small piece red pepper, sprig mint, piece of celery with a few leaves (from top of celery stalk), food colorings.

Prepare eggs by shelling and cutting a thin piece from each so all three stand erect.

Penguin: Using black food coloring, paint in penguin's coat, leaving a section unpainted to represent waistcoat. Use whole black olive for head and half olives for flippers. Secure to body with small pieces of cocktail sticks. Press 3 cloves at intervals down waistcoat for buttons. Use small pieces of carrot for feet and nose, and a little cottage cheese and dabs of black food coloring for eyes.

Rooster: Paint egg yellow. Beat a little cottage cheese until smooth, adding enough yellow food coloring to match egg color. Pipe on to sides of egg to represent folded wings. Mould a little cheese into shape of rooster's head, place on top of egg. Cut a comb from red pepper, beak from carrot; eyes can be made from cloves or simply a dab of black food coloring; tail is made from celery leaves.

Apple: Cut small piece out of egg to represent bite taken out of apple. Paint egg bright red with food coloring, leaving cut-out section white. Secure a clove and a couple of mint leaves to top to represent branch and leaves.

First Prize of £5 to Miss C. Jamieson, 43 Akala St., Camp Hill, Brisbane.

HOME HINTS

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these hints sent by readers.

WHEN knitting at home, place the ball of wool in a cup and run the wool through the handle.—D. Martin, 205A Monaro St., Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

Desiccated coconut gives an interesting new flavor to cutlets. Dip cutlet in flour and beaten egg, then cover thickly with coconut. Fry or bake in usual way, and serve with pineapple slices.—Miss C. Beier, Bullyard, via Bundaberg, Qld.

A soft cloth boiled in milk about 10 minutes is equal to chamois leather for polishing silver.—M. S. Hewett, cnr. Mock and Abbott Sts., Sandringham, Vic.

To whiten new unbleached sheets, boil them in water to which 1½ tablespoons turpentine has been added. Rinse and dry.—Mrs. D. E. Phelps, Woolner's Arm, via Casino, N.S.W.

Your radiator or kerosene-heater will throw out much greater heat if you remember to polish the back each time it dulls.—Mrs. G. Rowe, 252 Tyler St., Preston N18, Melbourne.



Mrs. Wilson uses a washing machine

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(good for
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Continuing . . . THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

though I must say it suited her. She had a happy nature and superb health, and the kind of vitality she could not have inherited from me.

By the time she was old enough to go to school, I had completely lost any lingering influence. She was polite to me, but the communication between mother and daughter, which I glimpsed among my old friends and their children, was missing from my life.

I wondered if anybody noticed it, but I suppose not. We presented a united front. Lewis had begun to build the house, and my services in the areas of planning and decoration and landscaping were in

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demand. He had confidence in me on such subjects, and I was glad to be useful in any capacity.

The house was a long time in the building, and when it was finished, we entered on the architecture of a proper social background for Bliss and the crowning of Lewis' feats of business with the homage of Milton's minuscule court. Here again I was able to make a contribution. My father had been the most prominent physician in Milton for many years, and my acquaintance was large. I had been taught the housekeeping arts and social graces by my mother.

We had to have several people in help, and it sometimes seemed to me that Lewis ran the house as he did one of his corporations, and I was a sort of foreman. I received and carried out orders and produced dinners, cocktail parties, and similar occasions in a style that befitted the new manor and its new squire.

The house was quite elegant, and while I could never keep from feeling that it was pretentious, Lewis loved it and never tired of showing it off. Running it was a full-time job. If I did not know happiness in this period, at least there was peace. Oh, there was peace until the advent of Nick Egan.

Bliss was seventeen and mature,

at least physically for her age. She had fulfilled the promise of beauty in a fairly voluptuous way and was more superficially sophisticated than most girls of her age because of her constant association with Lewis. She had always called him by his name, somewhat to my disapproval.

My own family had been more formal, and it would have no more occurred to me to call my father "Arthur" than it would have occurred to me to fly. When I remonstrated faintheartedly, Bliss said, "Lewis likes me to call him Lewis." Of course he did.

She was a junior in high school when Nick Egan crossed her path. He was a football hero, two or

three years older than she, so she was flattered by his attentions, though he did not run with her crowd.

His real name was Edward Egan; he had acquired his nickname from the faintly Mephistophelean air lent to him by the dark cowl that hung over his forehead and his cagy football strategy. Sports writers referred to him as "the Old Nick," and the fact that he was considered devilish appealed to Bliss, who had a natural affinity for danger.

He did not appeal to her father. Lewis never could stand the sight of Nick Egan sprawling beside his swimming-pool or squiring his daughter to local revels, and he made no secret of his distaste. I never saw anything especially wrong with the boy.

He was no more uncouth than any of the young men in Bliss' train — manners in teenagers, at least in the sense that I had known them, seeming to have gone underground. He was of black-Irish persuasion, a good-looking, sinewy boy, with great shoulders and narrow hips, and he looked extremely fine in his bathing-trunks.

His background was impeccable; but the Egans had lived in Milton forever and were hard-working, decent people, communicants of Saint Andrew's Catholic Church, and they kept to the friends and families of this rather circumscribed area. Mrs. Egan, a small, cheerful Irishwoman, had been a patient of my father's, and I knew they lived in a ramshackle old grey house down by the depot. Nick's father was a railroad man of the old school and had some kind of job in the yards. I think he was a brakeman.

Nick had attended the parochial school until his prowess at football had lured him to the Milton High School on the promise of scholarships.

Bliss' friendship for Nick Egan soon ripened into infatuation. I was always constrained to believe that this was more her fault than Nick's. She was a full-blown girl, and her nature was passionate and wilful. Nobody had ever crossed her in anything, and she had no experience. They were always hand in hand or arm in arm.

If I viewed this with appropriate alarm, Lewis went absolutely wild. "I want you to speak to Bliss about that boy!" he shouted one day at breakfast.

"I have already spoken to her," I told him. "I have said everything I can think of, including a reiteration of the facts of life, Lewis. But I can't seem to make a dent on her."

"Well, something has to be done."

"What do you suggest? I can't very well lock her in her room. Such medieval precautions are no longer in fashion. We'll simply have to wait for her to come to her senses."

"She hasn't any sense," Lewis declared. "At least for the time being. The only thing to do is forbid her to see him."

"I have a feeling this would only add fuel to the flame, which is already hot enough."

"I don't agree with you," Lewis said. "I'll handle it myself."

Bliss and Lewis had their first genuine falling out over Nick Egan. It was a wild quarrel, in which Lewis laid down the law and Bliss refused to pick it up. Lewis literally locked her in her room, where she beat the pillows with her fist and sobbed and sulked and refused to eat.

Lewis then made a point of seeing Nick Egan. I don't know what he said, but he was perfectly capable of cruelty in his state of rage. I suppose he warned Nick off the property or bribed him, for we saw no more of him.

Lewis was so broken up at this period that I felt sorry for him and unnerved for myself.

"It's probably just puppy love," I said once, in an effort to assuage him. "Every girl has this sort of thing happen once in a lifetime. Most of them outgrow it."

"He's no fit companion for her," Lewis said darkly.

"He's just an ordinary boy," I

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Continuing . . .

THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

from page 48

said. "I don't think there's anything bad about him."

"Ordinary is right," Lewis cried.

"Now you're being snobbish," I said. "The Egan's are good people."

"What do you know about it?" Lewis demanded, so harshly that I was frightened. "He's trash, I say!" His eyes were wild, and the deep flush climbed from the edge of his collar to his ears.

"Lewis," I said, "you're going to have to control yourself when it comes to Bliss' young men. She's grown, and you are going to have to face that fact. You're going to have to let her go."

"I shall do as I damn please," Lewis said. "Nobody can tell me what to do."

"Nobody can tell Bliss either, I'm afraid."

"I can tell her," Lewis said. "I think she is certain to fall in love and get married."

"Do you want her to marry scum like Egan?"

"I want her to marry somebody she loves," I said.

Lewis stalked out without saying anything else. When he proposed sending Bliss to Sweetbriar, I was in favor of it. It did not seem so important to separate her from Lewis. His jealous anguish may have been the normal reaction of a father, but Lewis was a dominating man.

Bliss kicked up another row at the prospect of going away to school; but in the end she had to submit. She and Lewis remained at loggerheads through the intervening time. They did not speak for ten days, and communicated through me, and my misery was added to theirs. Both were acutely unhappy, for different reasons.

NICK EGAN, who was undoubtedly a man of his word, did not communicate with Bliss once, and this plunged her into the depths of despair and turned the full force of her emotion against Lewis. Lewis, deprived of his darling and probably feeling himself in the wrong already, remained frozen and unapproachable.

"I don't want you to go away from home in this state," I said to Bliss the day before she was scheduled to leave. "Life on one's own is hard enough at the beginning, without complicating it. I want you to make it up before you leave."

"I hate him! I hate him!" Bliss cried. "I'll never forgive him."

"He is doing what he thinks best," I said, "and he has considerably more experience than you have."

"It's none of his business," Bliss said. "It's my business and Nick's. What has he done to Nick?"

"As long as you accept his paternity," I said, "it is his business."

"I don't want his damned paternity," Bliss cried. "Whatever that means."

"It means he is paying your bills."

"I'll get a job!"

I thought this unlikely. Bliss was never able to get up in the morning without being forcibly ejected. She had absolutely no idea of the value of money. In common with most self-made men, Lewis seemed to be trying to make up for his own straitened youth by deluging her with money and things.

Actually she didn't know how to do anything and couldn't make a cup of coffee. I had never been able to interest her in any of the household arts, which had been part and parcel of my upbringing, and my remonstrances with Lewis about spoiling her always came to nothing.

"Nick asked me to marry him," she said, beginning to cry.

"I hate to be so rudely practical," I told her, "but I doubt if Nick is in a position to support himself, much less you and your foreign car."

"I promised to marry him," Bliss sobbed, "and now Lewis has driven him away."

"Life is full of broken promises," I said. "You're both young. You'll get over it."

"I will not," she answered fiercely. "I'll never get over it. I love him!"

"You haven't had much experience," I said. "Wait and see."

"How could you know anything about it?" Bliss demanded. "You're old."

"What would I know about it? That's a long story."

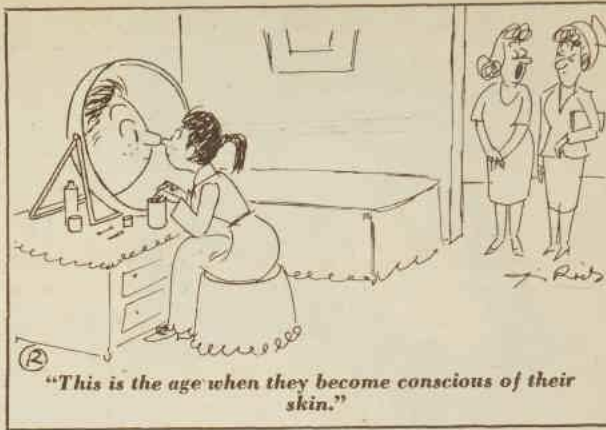
She went off the next day to school. The leave-taking was stiff and strained; but at the last moment, something broke down in her, and she turned to her father for the

briefest instant and began to cry again. I thought Lewis would have a heart attack before the plane took off; but eventually he got control of himself, and the next day he went to his office and fired two or three executives and reorganised the Vitamin Company and kept very busy.

A week or two later I heard that Nick Egan had been drafted, and I could not keep from wondering how this had happened so fortuitously.

Bliss was a poor correspondent; but after the initial bout of homesickness, she seemed to like the school and sent us scrawled

To page 54



time
to buy
a new

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Tek Anti-Germ Toothbrush — so gentle with the gums, so firm with the teeth — the only toothbrush that gives you the extra protection of germ-fighting action. Tek's exclusive germ-fighting action is a special built-in process that keeps the bristles germ-free and hygienic during their whole long life. Time now to buy a new Tek Anti-Germ Toothbrush.



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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

SMALL SHRUBS

READERS often ask for the names of small or dwarf shrubs to add color and interest in front positions in the garden.

Though each of these small shrubs does best in a particular position and soil condition, at least one will succeed where you live and add color to your garden for a great part of the year.

Kalmia (mountain laurel) and Spiraea anthony waterer do well in colder districts; Russelia juncea (coral plant) is ideal for the tropics or warm climates.

Prunus glandulosa, formerly Prunus sinensis alba flore plena, is hardy everywhere except Queensland and the tropical north.

They can all be planted now.

• *Prunus glandulosa* (at right) is deciduous. Treated as a small shrub, it grows to about 6ft., only the tips having flowers. Otherwise, allow the plant to grow normally for the first year. Cut to ground level after flowering and suckers will spring up from the roots. Repeat each year and the result is canes 4ft. to 5ft. high, flowering from the top to near the bottom.

Gardening Book — page 132



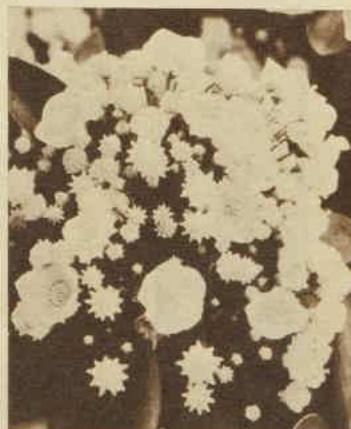
• *Spiraea humalda* var. *anthony waterer*, grows to about 2ft. 6in., has heads of red flowers in spring and summer. It does well in the open garden or can be grown in tubs.



• *Russelia juncea* or coral plant (left) is very decorative in a warm position. It grows to about 3ft. Plant on top of a bank, where it can spill its pendulous branches and tubular flowers downwards, or in a corner, where its weeping habits will not interfere with other plants.



• *Kalmia latifolia* (mountain laurel or calico bush) does well in cool hillside gardens. Allied to the rhododendron, it requires similar treatment — acid soil free from lime. It rarely grows more than four feet and produces big clusters of dainty pink flowers in spring. Foliage is poisonous to stock and domestic animals.



Gardening Book — page 133

Cut out and paste in an exercise book.



Any new dance craze needs an old friend

Whether it's the Charleston or the Twist, Tampax gives women the freedom they want.

Does a dance date conform to your schedule? Have you ever had to give one up because of personal problems?

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AXMINSTER



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LONGER WEAR: 80% Wool for resilience and luxury, 20% Bri-Nylon for added strength . . . that's the new longer-wearing blend of carpet fibre now introduced in Aristo Imperial Axminster.

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3. AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS: Each of the 8 patterns in new Aristo Imperial Axminster has been selected by leading carpet designers of four nations at an International Carpet Design Conference.

4. MATCHING WIDTHS: Both 12' broadloom and 27" widths so you can fit the pattern of your choice in every room of your home with fewer seams, less waste, and a smoother overall result.

New Aristo Imperial Axminster is available only from the **RED BOOK** Carpet Service, anywhere carpet is sold.

For full-colour reproductions of all 8 award-winning patterns in new Aristo, write: "Red Book", c/- Robert Young Pty. Ltd., 631 Swanston St., Carlton, Victoria.



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There's no greater value at 27gns.



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You simply walk along. Hoover Scrubber-Polisher does all the hard work for you. No kneeling, tiring scrubbing or hand polishing ever again! You simply walk along.



No brush changing. It scrubs, it polishes and you never change the brushes because they have two kinds of bristles. No more messy brush-changing.



Just two fingers guide it. Hoover's twin brushes turn in opposite directions, cancel out twisting and wandering. Hoover's so stable, so light, just two fingers will guide it!



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ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● This week's family home is designed for a 60-foot block without a view. Ideal for the Australian climate, the plan has a pool and covered barbecue courtyard.

THE house, Plan 612, is basically T-shaped, with living areas grouped together and the three bedrooms in a separate wing away from noise.

Two of the bedrooms measure 12ft. 6in. x 9ft.; the main bedroom is 12ft. x 12ft. All open on to the pool courtyard.

A practical idea for family living is seen in the bathroom. It is divided into three separate rooms containing bath and hand-basin, toilet, and shower-room. It saves

time and tempers when the family have to be out of the house early each morning.

The four private courtyards created by this unusually shaped house lend themselves to imaginative gardening. Whether it's a traditional garden or modern with large sculptured rocks and dramatic shrubs, the many corners, recesses, and planter boxes will delight the garden enthusiast.

Laundry is compactly planned and opens on to the enclosed utility courtyard where clothes-line area does not encroach on other out-

door living areas. Here, children's play can be supervised while carrying out household chores.

Another feature of Plan No. 612 is the single-width 19ft. x 12ft. living-room, which, depending on site orientation, faces either the front or back of the block.

The plan is 12.6 squares if built in brick; 11.7 squares if constructed in timber. These estimates do not include courtyards, carport, or pool.

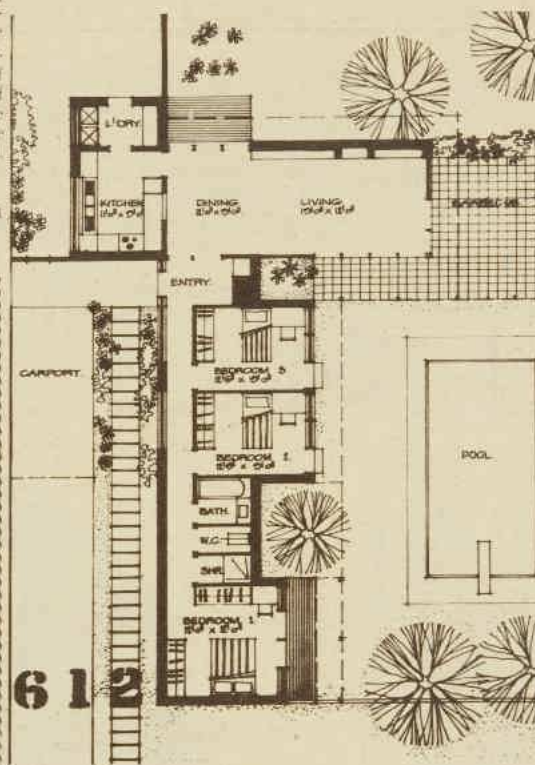
NEXT WEEK:
● How to screen off a snack bar



612

PERSPECTIVE sketch shows plan placed lengthwise on block to give privacy to swimming-pool from road. Lawn could be substituted for pool.

FLOOR PLAN shows basic T-shaped design with living and sleeping areas separated. Note ample built-ins in all bedrooms.



Sciatica

Get rid of Sciatica pain... all the pain, with wonderful A.R. TABS. At last, here's a positive relief for those excruciating twinges and pains. Follow the directions faithfully and positive Sciatica relief is soon felt. In just a few days all the pains and aches completely go. A.R. TABS will not affect the heart or cause unpleasant gastric upsets. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS is the positive relief for Sciatica pain—8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

A.R. TABS

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HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

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Phone or call at your local Centre at:
Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220.
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Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
- ☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

Seeing Ellen Stanley really gave me a surprise! She looked so young!



Ellen Stanley!
She: It's been ages. Come on, let's share a taxi.

Ellen, how do you manage to have such a lovely complexion? It hasn't changed a bit in ten years!
Simple! Palmolive soap facials. They can help almost any girl be younger looking.

Palmolive Beauty Plan gives NewLife to your complexion

Doctors prove that Palmolive Beauty Plan can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure, its

rich, creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today—because only Palmolive, with gentle olive oil, gives your skin the care of a real beauty treatment.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, use new creamy PINK PALMOLIVE enriched with pink beauty cream, sister-in-beauty to famous GREEN PALMOLIVE.



Look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- * Fresher, brighter complexion
- * Complexion clearer, more radiant
- * Less oiliness
- * Added softness and smoothness
- * Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads

PALMOLIVE CONTAINS gentle olive oil



Continuing . . .

THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

from page 49

descriptions of a weekend in Washington and a dance at college.

The curriculum was stiff, and apparently she was made to study as she never could have been made to at home. Her marks improved. She had a beau who came from one of the first families in Virginia, and Lewis was full of self-congratulations. "You see, I was right," he declared. "She is being thrown with decent people."

Bliss had expressed deep ennui with her conquest, and said the boy bored her. I felt that this was what really pleased Lewis. "I think Milton people are decent," I said.

"Aaah," Lewis said. "Lie down with dogs, and you get up with fleas."

"I hear Nick Egan has been drafted," I said.

"Just what ought to happen to him," Lewis opined, and changed the subject.

At the end of the school year, Lewis proposed that we take Bliss to Europe, as a reward for good conduct. He outlined an elaborate tour of seven or eight countries, largely contingent on the locations of pharmaceutical concerns with

which he had business. It was a demanding itinerary; but I accepted gratefully the opportunity of going once more on the azure lights of Paris and Venice's argent lagoon, which I had not seen since I was a girl. I was able to summon more excitement at the prospect than Bliss.

Her languid acceptance of Lewis' ambitious plan hurt him deeply. He had never been to Europe and had always dreamed of the time when they would see it together. But she refused to give him the pleasure of her enthusiasm.

She was thinner and more soignée and had acquired a veneer of school-girl smartness. She treated Lewis with a faintly patronising humor but the old, good-natured railery of their companionship seemed to have been dissipated.

Her approach to love was brittle. She made a conscious effort to attract admirers, but seemed incapable of summoning real interest in any of them. In the few weeks between her return from school and our departure for foreign parts, the house was always full of boys in various stages of thrall. One of them was Thad Mercer III.

Thad was a cool one. He was the scion of the Mercer dynasty, the most entrenched family in Milton, which owned banks and land and real estate and cattle and contributed sons to Congress and the State Department. If Bliss was the princess of Milton, certainly Thad was the crown prince. He was in Harvard, and although his intellectual capacities did not strike me as particularly profound, he fancied them himself.

He was bent on the foreign service, and it stood to reason that he would one day be an ambassador. He was a tall, reedy youth, fair of coloring and not particularly well favored in looks, as none of the Mercers were.

THE Mercers went back to colonial times, and all their money had failed to corrupt them. The line had never run to seed, due to a tendency on the part of Mercer men to introduce strong new blood into it by marriage.

Thad was as conservative as his father when it came to tradition, politics, and social life. Harvard did not seem to have made any impression on him, past the introduction into his placid nature of a taste for gourmet food, vintage wines, and English tailoring. His conversation was very Bostonian, except for occasional lapses when he forgot to employ the broad A.

It was obvious that he proposed to be an ambassador and was planning his life with as much concentration as his father dedicated to floating debentures. If he was attracted to Bliss, then, I would say that he saw her only as the woman at the foot of his table in various cosmopolitan cities around the world. She was young, strong, and beautiful and endowed with the world's goods.

Thad did not strike me as particularly passionate. He was much too canny to be emotional, and he acted unimpressed with Bliss, which was certainly the only thing that would have induced her to give him another thought.

He patronised her on every level, but did not seem averse to having her on his arm and showing off his knowledge of avant-garde literature, abstract painting, chess, and Pouilly-Fuisse '49, which he referred to as a nice little wine. By and large, he

To page 55

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"DOREEN"—Unusual neckline is feature of this pretty frock, which has three-quarter sleeves and soft, feminine skirt. Material is angora in colors of blue, jade-green, black, and pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/19/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/6/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/9/6.

Postage 6/- extra.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continuing . . . THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

from page 54

antagonised Bliss more than anything else; but that seemed to be what she was looking for.

Actually, I found Thad an unbearable prig that summer, but Lewis was delighted at the friendship. The Mercers had financed his first venture in pharmaceutical manufacturing, and although, as the miracle drugs came on, his empire grew to such an extent that financing had to be handled in New York, he still held the Mercers in awe and reverence.

I suppose Lewis could have bought and sold the Mercers at the time, but he still regarded them as heroes and envied their established position in Milton and American society. Elva Mercer, who had married Howard Deponet, had been a girlhood friend of mine, so I could take the Mercers or leave them. They were a stiff-necked tribe, and Thad was typical.

Our European trip was not an unqualified success. Lewis was a man who had never been able to encompass leisure. He was so high-gear that he found it difficult to enjoy the pursuits of less driving people.

He was easily bored, and when removed from the milieu he had created for himself, where everybody understood his wealth and power and gave it proper homage, he was inclined to

be nervous and ill at ease. He did not talk well on any subjects but business—specifically, the pharmaceutical business—and sports.

He had chosen to arrive in Europe on the Queen Mary; but by the time we reached Southampton, he was ready to take the first plane home.

Bliss made no effort to please him. She made numerous shipboard acquaintances, a good many of them in tourist class, and disappeared for hours at a time with a bearded youth who played the guitar. Lewis was furious, but she was too old and too high-handed to take his orders any more and made a point of ignoring him. I wanted to spank her for her selfishness and bad manners. Lewis had had such hopes of this trip that it seemed unfair of her to spoil it for him.

We were seated at the captain's table; but Bliss rarely appeared for meals, having her breakfast in the cabin, her lunch in the bar with some swain, and her dinner no one knew where, with the beard. Lewis was constantly apologising for her and spent his time fidgeting about where she was and worrying over her taste for low company.

The whole trip turned out to be a strain, and it was a relief to get home again, even for me. I enjoyed being a tourist; but my situation was that of a border state between two warring powers, neither of whom seemed able to give an inch. Lewis enjoyed it much more after we were back and he could

To page 56

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Pain and its relief...

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO EVERY WOMAN

What you should know about the formula of

Alka-Seltzer

Trade Mark

and its unique dual action

Alka-Seltzer is a family home remedy

for the safe relief of commonplace ailments

which affect most people from time to time

A principal use of Alka-Seltzer is for the relief of Aches and Pains

Headache . . . muscular aches and pains from over-exertion or unaccustomed activity . . . nerve pain—all these respond to the soothing relief which Alka-Seltzer so speedily provides.

Alka-Seltzer is also most effective in relieving Stomach Upset and Indigestion

Rich food, too much food or drink, hurried or irregular meals—these may all cause abdominal discomfort and a feeling of "fullness," or the distress of heartburn, flatulence—even nausea.

(Continuous indigestion or stomach upsets are not a matter for home medication—a doctor should be consulted.)

That "out-of-sorts" feeling is also rapidly relieved by Alka-Seltzer. The term "out-of-sorts" is used here to describe the lack of well-being caused by too much food or drink; during colds; and when hot or humid weather brings on a summer headache; Alka-Seltzer provides speedy relief.

What is Alka-Seltzer?

It is the world's most popular dual-purpose remedy. It has been widely used as a family home remedy throughout the world since 1928. Each Alka-Seltzer tablet contains 5 grains of acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) with an effervescent base of citric acid (14.9 grains) and sodium bicarbonate (25.1 grains). (Alka-Seltzer does not contain phenacetin, or codeine.) However, the user does not take Alka-Seltzer in tablet form.

Alka-Seltzer must ALWAYS be taken in water! It then becomes a solution which contains:

1. Soluble sodium salt of aspirin.
2. Sodium citrate.
3. Sodium bicarbonate (trace).
4. Dissolved carbon dioxide.

Because the tablets are dissolved before being taken, not only is an important chemical change in the tablet ingredients effected, but adequate fluid intake is ensured for effective and prompt action. Alka-Seltzer solution is two medicines in one. It not only contains an efficient and quick-acting pain-reliever, but also an ingredient to relieve stomach upsets and neutralize excess stomach acidity. It does not have the harsh acid reaction of so many other aspirin type products.

What happens when you take Alka-Seltzer?

The pain reliever contained in Alka-Seltzer is quickly absorbed into the system. The sodium citrate in Alka-Seltzer solution buffers excess stomach acidity and the carbonated solution quiets upset stomach, giving quick relief.

How does a headache remedy work?

Relief is obtained only when the analgesic is absorbed into the bloodstream. It is obvious that ordinary tablets or powders (which are fine-grained solids) must be dissolved before they become effective. There-

fore "instant" relief is impossible! But Alka-Seltzer is pre-dissolved! Because it is taken as a liquid, it goes to work so much more rapidly!

Alka-Seltzer and safety

Alka-Seltzer is a home remedy for relief of symptoms of simple complaints. It is not a tranquilliser or a pep drug and, like any other medicine, it should only be used when there is a need.

Who makes Alka-Seltzer?

Miles Laboratories, one of the world's leading manufacturers of pharmaceutical products with a world-wide reputation for ethical standards and high quality. As an international company Miles Laboratories back Alka-Seltzer with the facilities of extensive quality control and research laboratories. A constant programme of testing and development is your safeguard.

What is the Alka-Seltzer dosage?

For Adults—one or two tablets in water as required. Not more than 12 tablets should be taken in any 24-hour period.

For Children: 3-5 years . . . 1 tablet
6-12 years . . . 1 tablet
Over 12 years . . . same as adults (1-2 tablets)

Dose may be repeated not more often than 4 hourly. Alka-Seltzer should not be given to children under 3 years without medical advice.

(Note: Alka-Seltzer solution contains a salt of aspirin and should not be taken by people whose doctor has advised them not to take aspirin, nor by those who are on a salt-reduced diet.)

YOU CAN RELY ON ALKA-SELTZER—IT REALLY WORKS.

L0985



"He seems to have snapped out of his lethargy."

Continuing . . .

THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

from page 55

remember it and drop place names. The only effect on Bliss seemed to be the seed of a determination to go back to Europe on her own.

Thad wrote to her regularly, but I don't think she ever sent him so much as a postcard. We returned to Milton just in time to get her wardrobe together for her second year at Sweetbriar, and I saw her off with a sigh of relief.

No sooner was Bliss safely ensconced in school than Lewis began to plan the debut he proposed to give her the next summer. Milton was a modest city, thoroughly unaccustomed to coming-out parties

for girls who had known everybody since they had been born. Even the Mercer girls never came out officially, and Lewis' plan seemed ostentatious to me; but nothing could be done about it. He was determined to win her back in the only way he could understand—by extravagant gestures.

"Milton doesn't really have debutantes," I demurred.

"It will now," Lewis said with satisfaction. "We'll start something new."

It was impossible, and I suppose

snide, of me to feel that he was doing this for his aggrandisement as well as to recapture his daughter's embittered heart. Lewis didn't know any more about debutantes than he had read in the magazines; but he planned the debut with the single-minded dedication he gave to his business, and I must say it was a splendid party, which cost a fortune.

A band was flown from New York, and a large photograph of Bliss in her Balmain dress appeared in "Town and Country." Lewis chose to give the ball at the Milton Country Club, and it went on all night and culminated in a sunrise breakfast and swimming party, which was the talk of Milton for weeks. The whole affair struck me as in the worst possible taste, and I had difficulty keeping my mouth shut.

This inaugurated a feverish summer for Bliss and her friends, when they seemed hell-bent on nothing but pleasure. I used to lie awake until four in the morning, waiting for the scream of tyres on the driveway. I worried about her morals, but I worried more about accidents. I also worried about the foolishness of this pack of youngsters, who seemed to me to be poorly prepared for the world they must enter too soon. But Lewis seemed satisfied with it all.

Bliss was quite impressed with herself as the first debutante in Milton and seemed to have forgiven her father, at least superficially. They rode horseback together on Sunday mornings, and she had got back into her old teasing habits and now and then would drop a kiss on his crew cut. At such times he would expand and glow with such pride and happiness that I could only regard him with compassion.

He took a hungry interest in her social success and even learned to dance the modern dances, by taking surreptitious lessons, so he could partner her on the floor occasionally. He would cut in on her at dances, like a college boy. She treated him that summer as if he were an elderly beau, and now and then my heart sank to watch it.

THAD MERCER

did not enter the competition that summer and gave the impression that he was above it all. He made quite a show of rushing the little Carrigan girl and turned up at our house only for parties.

His defection didn't depress Bliss in the slightest, since she had more suitors than she could manage and ruled the hive like a queen bee. Nor did Thad appear dismayed not to be the favorite. They reverted to the mocking friendship of their childhood. I had expected Lewis to care, but he didn't. He seemed perfectly happy.

When Bliss announced that she wanted to spend a year in Europe at school, he was all for it. He had heard this was in the tradition, and he put his minions to work choosing the proper school to honor with his daughter's presence. Bliss had thought vaguely of the Sorbonne, though her French certainly wasn't up to it; but Lewis did not approve of Paris and decided on Villa Mercedes, in Florence. Bliss acquiesced, plans were made, and she went off.

I envied her the experience, which I should have so loved at her age; but she took it all as a matter of course. When she came home from Florence, she did not seem to be much changed by her exposure to that great Tuscan civilisation. She complained that the chaperonage had been too stiff, so she had never been able to fall in love with an Italian, and counted the whole trick lost. I think the fact that she had not been able to fall in love with anybody for a long time had begun to get on her nerves.

Several of her Sweetbriar friends

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had married, and two or three Milton girls, and Bliss was feeling left out and on the shelf. She always wanted to be in the vanguard.

Her mood was languid. She had no plans and seemed incapable of making any. I had hoped she would finish school at a good women's college—Smith or Vassar—but Bliss, while intelligent, was no student. She lacked the ambition instinct in Lewis and the taste for scholarship I had in some way, and, of course, she had never known the economic spur.

She had far too much energy for the trivialities of her life, and became increasingly restless and bored. It would have been sensible to have suggested a job; but Bliss had never bothered to learn to do anything, so she had nothing to offer in that respect, even if Lewis had permitted it.

But she did not like being a post-debutante and an unengaged girl, as if everything were over and nothing would ever happen again. Half a dozen girls had come out, following Bliss, and now there was an annual crop. She was invited everywhere, of course, but she found the society of Milton unsophisticated after her European experience.

I tried to interest her in some of my charitable pre-occupations, which became a woman of my age and lack of usefulness; but she was horrified at the thought of sitting on committees or working in the Children's Hospital, so full of fever and pain. She had fever and pain of her own. I used to come upon her occasionally sitting alone and staring into space, as if she did not know what to do next.

I can only presume that this mood accounted for the revival of her interest in Thad Mercer, who had been graduated from Harvard and was now working his way up in one of the family banks. He had applied for the foreign service, but was waiting to be accepted, and he gave evidence of becoming a perennial bachelor. Several of the boys on Bliss' string had married, and her suitors were fewer.

Toward the end of that summer, she made a determined pitch for Thad's attention, and, after a few false starts, had him back in tow. I am sure he was encouraged by his mother, who wanted to see him married and considered Bliss the best prospect.

I DON'T know when she made up her mind to marry Thad, as she never took me into her confidence. But I don't think the accomplishment of this programme was quite as easy as she had expected it to be. In any event, his supercilious attitude came as a challenge and strengthened her determination as nothing else could have done. She went to considerable trouble to bone up on his interests and became a walking encyclopedia on foreign affairs, vintages, and high-fidelity music, abandoning sports, at which she had always been proficient, because Thad considered athletics beneath him.

I sometimes thought the campaign to get her own way was more interesting to her than the goal. She left no stone unturned, and her personality suffered a sea change toward elegance, which was all to the good. Her blazing beauty toned down to a kind of ivory carving, and she was even more handsome.

I suppose it would come as a shock to anybody who happened to read this that I can be so coldly objective about my own flesh and blood. But since I don't propose that anybody ever shall read it, and since I started out to get it all down, in an effort to discover the truth, I am forced to be objective.

After the turn of events at the wedding, it seemed necessary to unburden myself and get at the root of the matter. I am sure many people would feel that psychiatry was indicated. But it is not my nature to confide, and the thought of going over the whole thing with another person—no matter how clinical, professional, or uninvolved—was more than I could face. I am a shy person, by nature and by habit, and to lie on a couch and bare my soul to a stranger struck me as beyond my capabilities.

If I could not rake over the past and unburden myself to my husband, and I couldn't, I thought I

ought to try to sort it all out and understand my motives, if that were possible. I chose to write it out this way, and when I have written it out I shall destroy it.

Since I have been so brazenly objective about the others—Lewis and Bliss—perhaps I should try now to say something similarly honest about myself. I have been putting that off, because it is not easy for me to talk about myself, or even to think about it. It has been so long since I have really been myself that I have lost the knack.

The person I once was has disappeared, and I am that tall grey lady—the wife of Lewis Latham, the mother of Bliss Latham, the

chairman of the Red Cross drive, the president of the Altar Guild, the member of the Programme Committee for the Shakespeare Society, the spear of the Milton Garden Club's landscaping project, and so on. Infrequently I catch a glimpse in a mirror, and I scarcely recognise myself—so different am I from what I meant to be.

Perhaps we all think of our real selves at one particular time of life, and when the time passes the essential self is lost in some skein of memory. The physical shell encloses the wild spirit, thickening, hardening, changing as it must change

under the pressures of time and circumstance, growing together over the gaping wounds without leaving a visible scar, making out with whatever is at hand, surviving. What happened to that impetuous girl, "bearing love like a burning city in her breast," as her favorite poet said?

I think of myself when I was twenty years old.

Everything always begins so long ago. How can we know what genes combine in us to form the resultant personality and what accidents of chance turn the whole course of life in weird directions? Some say we are the product of complex systems of genetics, and

others that we are the victims of environment. Still others insist we are the architects of our own destinies. But who can say finally what impulses produce the diverse human condition?

I was twenty years old, the daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Arthur Stewart—gently bred, gently reared, and safe from all alarms. I was in love with Robert Morse, LL.D., the newest lawyer in Milton, a lawyer without business.

It is still not possible for me to write that name without my hand's submitting to ague. Robert, Robert, why did you leave me?

To be concluded

Continuing . . . THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

from page 56



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Continuing . . . A SUNDAY VISIT

from page 29

now, Mother? This isn't a very pleasant sort of day for a drive."

Mrs. Burdett fingered the potted plant in her lap. "It's not a pleasure trip," she said. "I simply refuse to disappoint the poor Pomeroy girls because of a little rain. If everyone minded the dampness as much as you, poor Alice wouldn't see a soul from fall until spring, and she looks forward to a little company so much."

"I should think she would," Jessica said, "living out here. But I'd hate it, thinking people dragged themselves out in the rain to see me just because it was a duty."

Mrs. Burdett's fingers, tensing, poked through the newspaper wrapping and snapped a small leaf from the plant. "Not everyone feels the way you do about duty. Why should she hate a little Christian kindness? Goodness, how do you think she'd feel if nobody came near her from one year to the next?"

Jessica had lighted another cigarette. "I don't know. Maybe grateful, maybe sorry. But why do they live all the way out here?" She took a deep breath, as if preparing to unburden herself, but then subsided. "For heaven's sake, Mother, let's not quarrel. It's so pointless."

"I had no idea we were about to quarrel." Another little leaf lay curling in Mrs. Burdett's gloved palm. "I never do quarrel. It's not in my nature, and if it were I still wouldn't want to spoil your visit when you come so infrequently. Let's simply say we disagree. And goodness," Mrs. Burdett said, "that's nothing unusual."

"Fine," Jessica closed her eyes and appeared to be going to sleep. Mrs. Burdett opened the window again. The quarrel hung suspended between them, inevitable, endless, unprovoked; they always quarrelled when they met, letting their flatly asserted differences run into head-on collision.

There was much for which Jessica had not been forgiven. In Mrs. Burdett's breast, where tranquillity was courted, disappointment lay buried like a sword. Behind the serenity, rage was a banked fire. Much good it does you, your New York, Mrs. Burdett thought savagely; much peace of mind you have with your shoddy secondhand notions and those circles under your eyes.

Her mind ran automatically over a terrible list of grievances named with the names of sins: weakness, cowardice, irresponsibility, insincerity, tawdriness, selfishness, heartlessness. She had proved them against Jessica over and over again.

But Jessica, agile as a fish, had always slipped out of the net of responsibility; she was always indifferent, insulated in the armor of her rebelliousness. Jessica was cold, unfaring. Mrs. Burdett's fingers began to tear tiny corners from the pages of her magazines.

"After all," she cried with sudden bitterness, "it's hardly fair you should accuse me of quarrelling. You've always done what you wanted, haven't you? I've never imposed myself on you. Even this afternoon you came of your own free will."

Jessica opened her eyes, surprised. "I don't mind visiting Martha and Alice," Jessica said. "Why should I? But do we have to make a thing of it? I only said, for myself, I'd have picked a nicer day."

"Very well, you shall have it your own way," Mrs. Burdett turned her head away coldly. It was impossible to flick Jessica's conscience. And it was all too much, she had often thought; much too much. She would have been contented with so little, but everything had been denied her.

A girl like Jessica—she remembered the plans she had made so lovingly: the coming-out party, the Junior League, the comfortable presence of a pretty, contented girl waiting serenely for the coming of marriage, the companionship of a daughter settled, successful, confiding.

Each plan was like a pearl on a chain, perfect and desirable, but Jessica had sent them spinning. First there had been college, then the people Jessica had brought home, and finally the ugly, meaningless job in New York.

No amount of tranquillity could cover the pain: "I'm going to New York to work," Jessica had said, "in an advertising agency. They'll pay me quite well, and I think I'd better be independent." Independent! Mrs. Burdett repressed a sting of tears. Independent!

It had been a slap across the face of a loving mother, a trick which had cheated her, the end of a bad bargain. She had paid out motherhood unstintingly. Mrs. Burdett thought. She had given everything to the creation of her daughter's happiness, and then she had been pushed aside.

For a moment she was tempted to tell the driver to turn the car around, but at the challenge of weakness Lavinia Burdett raised her head. Besides, they were al-

most in Duxbury, and nothing should come between her and her duty.

There were no other cars at the Pomeroy house. "You see?" Mrs. Burdett said, as they waded through the mud of the front-door path. Rain was driving in hard, solid sheets across the doorway, and when Martha Pomeroy answered Mrs. Burdett's knock, she stood for a moment transfixed with surprise, as if she saw two storm-driven strangers sheltering under her eaves. "Here I am!" Mrs. Burdett cried, gaily. "And I've brought Jessica. She's here for a little visit, and she

wanted so much to see you and Alice."

Martha was one of those women who could, without affectation, raise her hands to her throat, and into whose eyes tears could spring over nothing at all. She glistened a welcome. It was plain that no guests were expected.

The sitting-room into which Martha led them had a little homely disorder laid down over its tidiness: a magazine had fallen on the floor, Martha, in answering the door, had dropped her mending basket and had strewn spools of drab cotton over the rug.

The tea table was not laid and the Canton china was not in evidence. "Look,

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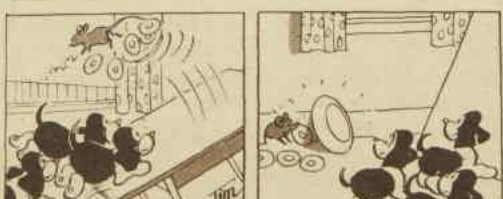
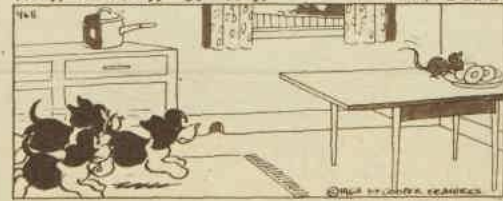
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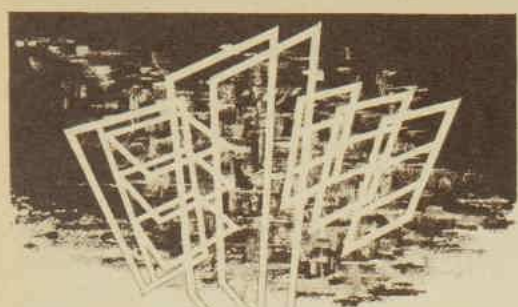
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Continuing . . . A SUNDAY VISIT

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darling," Martha cried. "Visitors!" And from the wheelchair by the fire, Alice fluttered in response, smoothing down her hair.

From sitting close to the fire Alice's cheeks had a hot, scorched color; she turned redder and said, "How nice." Mrs. Burdett sped across the room and dropped into her lap the plant, the book, the magazines. "Oh, how nice," Alice repeated. "How sweet of you to come."

"Let me, darling," Martha said, and unloaded Alice's lap. Mrs. Burdett sat on a little upright chair and tilted her head. "How wonderfully well you are looking, Alice. I wish Jessica had color like that in her cheeks. I tell her New York doesn't agree with her. Of course, it may be the fashion there, but in Boston, we'd say she needed a tonic. But I thought it would be fun for you two girls to get together. Come over here, Jessica, and talk to Alice."

Jessica sat down on a small armchair and looked embarrassed. Alice avoided her eyes. She said, "It's awfully good of you to come out in this rain. We never expect anyone in a storm like this."

Martha had finished unwrapping the presents and gave a cry of delight. "Look, darling," she said. "Another sweet plant for your collection. It's so nice of you, Mrs. Burdett, and Alice loves her plants so. And a nice book, and all these magazines! Well!"

"I do appreciate it," Alice said. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Burdett."

Martha had darted across the room, holding up the plant for exhibition. She turned with breathless earnestness to Jessica. "You know, your mother has given Alice every one of her collection of plants. She gets so much pleasure from them. Look! All of these."

She carried the plant to a window which was fitted with narrow glass shelves; each shelf was crammed with small pots holding green plants. With difficulty, Martha coaxed the new pot into place.

"Oh, Alice has so many interests," she said. "She collects glass, too. See! All of this window is glass. Mrs. Burdett, you'll like to see this. Aunt Edith Case brought it just yesterday."

In the other window many shelves held innumerable small pieces of glass fancifully shaped into jugs and goblets and bowls and saucers, into ladies' slippers and gentlemen's hats, into tiny vases and little dishes. The firelight reflected from them in winking ruby, blue, green, yellow, and milky white. Martha held up a very small vase of milk glass, hardly the size of her finger. "How pretty," Mrs. Burdett said. "Alice must like that very much."

Jessica paused with a cigarette halfway to her lips. "But," she said, "what's it for?"

MARTHA glanced apprehensively at Alice. "Why, for the buds, I suppose. For tiny rose-buds. Or perhaps it's just a sweet little miniature vase. It's just about the right size for a doll's house."

"Does she have a doll's house?" Jessica asked, curiously. She looked about for an ashtray, and found a clamshell on a table. "It is all right to put ashes here?"

"Oh, yes, of course," Martha said. "We were thinking of collecting shells once, but it was really too difficult. No, we don't have a doll's house. But it might be fun." Martha clasped her hands and looked at Alice. "Would you like a little doll's house, darling? We could have hours of fun making the curtains and rugs and bedspreads?"

"I don't think so," Alice said. "I've never thought of it."

"You have so many interests," Mrs. Burdett said, approvingly. Martha had swooped to collect her scattered spools of darning cotton, her face gone a little pink. "All your collections, Alice, and then, I've told so many people that you're one of the best-read people I know. It's an achievement."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1958



Continuing . . . A SUNDAY VISIT

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Jessica frowned. "You used to play the piano, didn't you, Alice?" she said. "You were ahead of me in school, but I remember that you played at one of the concerts. I thought you were terribly good. Do you still play?"

Alice shook her head. "Oh, no. Not now." She stirred a little and a magazine fell to the floor. "I couldn't."

"I don't see why not," Jessica said. "You could bring your chair over to the piano, and I think you can get attachments to work the pedals by hand."

Martha straightened up. Her face was flushed with the stooping. "And what are you doing these days, Jessica? Living all by yourself in the big city?"

"Oh, she works," Mrs. Burdett said, "in an advertising agency. I certainly don't envy her." She shook her head in jolly deprecation. "Why, New York is worse than Boston, and I never go back to Boston one minute before I feel I really have to. I don't ask anything more than a good view of the countryside from my windows, and my little interests, just like yours, Alice. We're so lucky to be able to live quietly and peacefully the way we do."

"I suppose so," Alice said. She had a reedy, feeble voice, appealing for some undefined mercy. "We like it very much here, of course. But in the winter there isn't much to see. You'd be bored to death in a week. Jessica."

Jessica looked at the window, but the plants blocked the view; cold light streamed greenly through their leaves. "I should think I would be," she said.

"Not much to see?" Mrs. Burdett cried. "Why, Alice! The snowdrifts, the beautiful shadows, the sunsets, and all the birds hopping across the snow. Alice would love keeping a list of the birds. I'll give her a bird book. And you have so many visitors. That's the real richness of living."

"Yes," Alice said. "Everyone is very kind." She turned back to Jessica, with her eyes large and curious, like a child's. "Do you go to the theatre much in New York?" she asked. "Or concerts? The opera, and Carnegie Hall?"

"Sometimes," Jessica said. "Last winter—"

Mrs. Burdett put her head down firmly. "Concerts," she said, with contempt. "Symphony Hall is unbearable nowadays, so crowded, and really unhealthy. I caught a terrible case of gripe at the Handel and Haydn Society's Christmas programme last year. I've taken to staying at home and listening on the radio, just the way you do, and I don't have your splendid collection of records, either."

"But," Jessica said, thoughtfully, "it isn't the same, is it? I mean, Alice is really musical, and a concert is different."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Burdett said. "Why, Alice can choose her own programmes and artists right at home. You needn't think, Jessica, that everyone hates peace and serenity as much as you do. Think of Elizabeth Barrett, for instance."

Jessica laughed, and the noise was something like the breaking of glass. "But she was rather fed up with it," Jessica said, "even though Wimpole Street was at least in London."

"If you knew London as well as I do, my dear, you'd know that Wimpole Street is not a very interesting street," Mrs. Burdett said, trium-

phantly. But she remembered too late the transforming presence of Robert Browning, and she had turned pink and breathless.

"All the same," Jessica said, with sudden firmness, brushing past the embarrassment which was seeping like a tide into the room. "All the same, I should think you'd be happier in Boston, Alice."

Martha drew a deep breath. "We had to sell Mama and Papa's house in town, Jessica dear," she said, gently. "It was much too expensive for us. It was so large and it took so much help. So you see, we'd have nowhere to go."

"I don't know," Jessica said, thoughtfully. "You could take an apartment. Something big enough for the two of you, in a nice, modern elevator building so that Alice could get out. You could push her chair, or get her one of the kind that doesn't have to be pushed. I think they come with motors, like little cars. I suppose Beacon Hill would be too difficult, but there are lots of nice apartment houses on Commonwealth Avenue and right along the river, where it's flat and central."

Silence fell; Jessica looked around with surprised eyes. Martha was studying the pattern on the Chinese rug and Mrs. Burdett was fiercely quiet, her face congested with anger. Some convention

lay like a broken teacup on the carpet.

Jessica, her voice sharp with a sudden irritation, said, "Well, it's quite true, you know. This place isn't bad for summer, but obviously there's nothing for Alice here in the winter time, or for you either, Martha. In Boston you could each have lives of your own."

"It's quite impossible," Mrs. Burdett said, coldly. "It wouldn't be at all good for Alice."

"I don't see why not," Jessica looked at Alice. "What do you think? Are you really sick? I mean, besides not being able to walk?"

"Oh, no," Alice said. "I'm never sick." She had pulled herself up in her chair; her hands moved like indecisive hovering birds, but her eyes were round and excited. "I'd never thought of it, of course—it would be wonderful—but I suppose it would be such a nuisance for Martha."

"No," Martha said. "Oh, no, darling, you could never be a nuisance. I wouldn't mind anything for myself, if it made you happy. I'm sure it's just that Jessica doesn't understand." She turned to Jessica, faintly quivering, and her eyes were pleading.

"We have so many pleasures—Alice's plants and her glass, and the music, and people are so kind, we're never lonely. And we've been

To page 62

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 10.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, purple, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, aqua, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, olive, orange.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, purple, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- LEO**
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, olive, orange.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, aqua, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blk., orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, pink, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, green, pink.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blk., orange.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

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"The arrow did not go round twice!"

Continuing . . . A SUNDAY VISIT

from page 61

thinking of taking up embroidery. Not cross-stitch," she said earnestly, "but I've seen some beautiful tapestry work, and petit point—"

"Well, I was thinking of you, too," Jessica said. But Mrs. Burdett had risen from her chair and was studying the weather through the display of little glass objects.

"Goodness," Mrs. Burdett said, "I don't know what Jessica's thinking of. You needn't pay any attention, Martha. I'm sure Alice appreciates more than anyone all you're willing to do for her. Anybody with any heart or understanding would."

Alice said softly, "Oh, I do. I do." But Jessica leaned forward, brushing Alice's voice aside.

"What's the use of being so sacrificing?" Jessica said. "I mean, it's wonderful of Martha, but the point ought to be making you as independent as possible. You see lots of people in cities in wheelchairs. There's a man who works in my office, a veteran—he can't walk a step, but he's got a good job and a wife and two children, and he's completely independent."

Mrs. Burdett looked distressed. "It seems to be raining harder than ever, my dears," she said. "I don't dare keep the car standing. No, really, Martha. We can't even stay

for tea. Come, Jessica. Say good-bye to Alice."

Jessica stood up. She held out a hand to Alice and pressed too hard; Alice winced. "Never mind," she said. "I'm sorry if I've said anything wrong, but I wish you'd think about coming to New York to visit me. You could come for a weekend, and we could go to a concert or the opera, or something. It wouldn't be hard. You can hire cars and chauffeurs or get Martha to put you on the train, and there's an elevator in my apartment house, so that wouldn't be any trouble. I'd love it if you came."

Alice sighed; something seemed to be dying in her eyes, drowned by

a glaze of tears. "It was nice of you to come," she said. "Do come back again, some time. We'd be awfully pleased."

"No, but I mean it, about New York," Jessica said. "I'll write you a letter. Couldn't you arrange it, Martha?"

They all had to turn and look at Martha. Her face was stricken; her mouth was twitching. Her hands had come to rest against her breast, and were twisting in wounded little agonies. She looked old, Mrs. Burdett thought, old and frightened. Jessica had robbed her. Jessica had walked into the close serenity of the little room and carelessly, wantonly, had smashed at all Martha's achievement.

Martha was stripped, crumpled, defeated. The old bitterness came back, the banked fires of Mrs. Burdett's ancient anger blazed. She marched through the mud to her car, her back stiff with rage. But when had Jessica been different? First she had turned her back on a mother who had stood ready to sacrifice anything, who had selflessly planned and hoped. "I think I had better be independent," Jessica had said, and had gone away.

Mrs. Burdett remembered with a familiar pain how she had stood in the big empty rooms of the house in Pride's Crossing, crumpled and stripped and defeated. She had stood like Martha, old and frightened. They could both have lives of their own, Jessica had said. Now Mrs. Burdett's mind cried out, "But Martha doesn't want a life of her own!"

They sat in the car, rigid and apart. "I'm sorry, Mother," Jessica said. "Was it so awful of me? I didn't mean to make any trouble."

"Yes," Mrs. Burdett said, stonily. "It was awful of you. Heartless." Her hands, empty, lay twitching in her lap. Next week, she thought, she could bring another little potted plant, more magazines, another cheerful book. But if Alice could wheel her chair out into the Public Gardens, would she want to end a windowful of greenery? If she

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Remember that Christ the just suffered for us the unjust, to bring us to God."

— 1 Peter 3.18.

Here is the real meaning of Good Friday — Christ's suffering so that everyone may have peace with God.

could be pushed up to a piano to a concert, or the opera, would she have time for cheering books?

Mrs. Burdett closed her eyes. You gave up everything, she thought, as she had been willing to do, as Martha had done, and in the end there was no peace, no reward, only this ungrateful cry for independence. She had seen Alice's face fired for an instant and then dropping in disappointment; she had seen Martha quivering with fear.

All you wanted was to be wanted, and then all at once you were useless, unneeded, on the outside. That sprang into Mrs. Burdett's eyes. Old anger, old pain, wrenched her, and then she thought, with discouraging like shame: But Alice could be free—not a cripple, free.

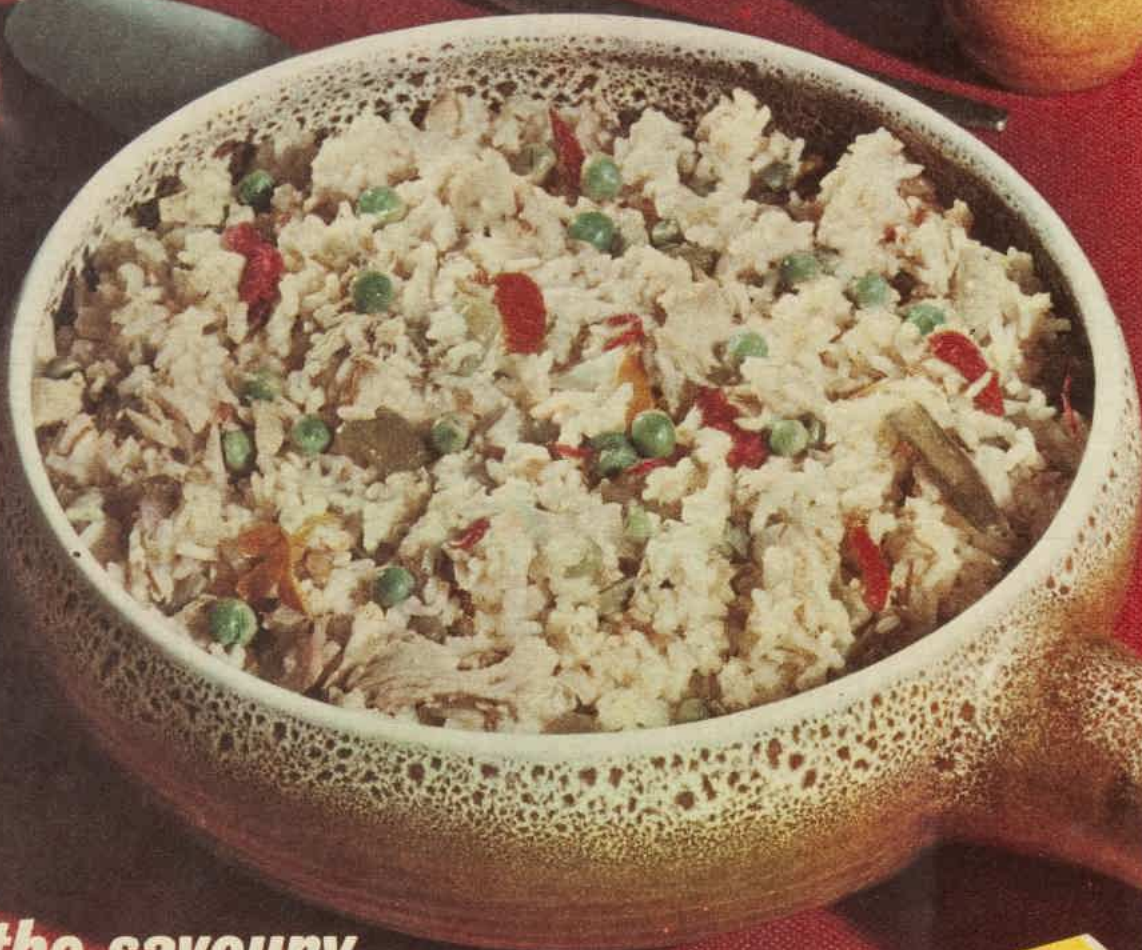
All the strength of the old bitterness seemed to be dying; it had died. Mrs. Burdett felt weak, trembling. Jessica had lighted a cigarette, but Mrs. Burdett did not begin to open the window. She watched the rain glazing the dull outlines of oncoming winter; she shivered. And after a long while, unwillingly, she turned her head.

"Since you brought it up," she said, "I've never visited you in New York. I could bring Alice down. We could drive down some Friday. If you really meant it."

Jessica cranked down a window and flipped her cigarette out into the rain. A cold, fresh wind swept into the car. "Why, Mother," Jessica said, and smiled, "I think it might be fun."

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CHICKEN AND VEGETABLE RISOTTO

Ingredients: 3 tablespoons oil (or butter); 1 onion chopped; 1 7 oz. can tuna; 3 tomatoes sliced; 2 cups uncooked rice; 4 cups hot water; 4 Maggi Chicken Broth Cubes; ½ Green Pepper diced; ½ cup cooked peas; ½ cup cooked beans; (or any leftover vegetables); salt and pepper to taste; 1 teaspoon Maggi Aroma (optional).

Method: Heat skillet, add onion, tomato and green pepper. Cook gently for 5 minutes. Add rice and stir well. Dissolve Chicken cubes in the water and add, mixing well. Add seasoning, bring to the boil, reduce heat, simmer uncovered for 20 minutes. Add tuna and vegetable, reheat before serving.

NE39

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1954

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

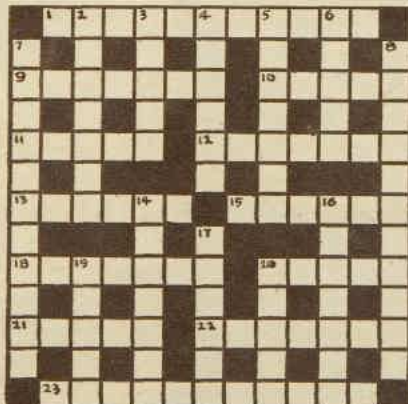
MANDRAKE follows the three creatures from space as they take the shape of two crows and an elephant. The creatures are trying to discover the master race on earth. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Patches, foils, or landscapes (6, 5).
- Declare to be true duration of life in common run (7).
- Wash lightly the broken sin in the centre (5).
- Teer a sediment and rub out what is in it (5).
- Le Grand (anagr., 7).
- Branched horn starts with an insect (6).
- Costs of things, including edible grain (6).
- Disbeliever (7).
- Pole on a nobleman (5).
- Reno's head wind (5).
- Combining power of an element with troubled yet clean interior (7).
- Mints for Maundy Thursday (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Neat leg, and how graceful it may appear (7).
- Edict in Tsarist Russia (5).
- Die sly (anagr., 6).
- The beginning of this associate is less than a whole (7).
- Pertaining to key of an ant on alarm (5).
- Lesions caused by ornamental network in front of provisions (11).
- Stood for a gift in reed (11).
- The true skin produced by red neon (7).
- Pertaining to the top of the head (7).
- No bile secreting gland was the comrade - in - arms of Roland (6).
- Use the centre in the spindle of a watch (5).
- My lab is fragrant (5).

CHOCOLATE EGGS
AUNT'S SHEET
PATENT SHEET
ICONS THERMIT
S S P E
OBTEST GROSSIS
H P I T
NECTARS DRAMA
I D V T M
CARGO CAROUSE
O C H A L N
STAFFS E R G E A N T

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

F7820. — Three-way dress is slim, straight, with long sleeves. Teenage sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material or 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F7814. — Scarf neckline adds elegant touch to simple dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



F7813. — Cowl neckline and unusually pleated skirt finished with narrow self belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



F3585. — Boy's jacket and trousers in one pattern. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Jacket requires ½ to ¾ yd. 54in. material, trousers require ¾ to 1 yd. 54in. material. Price 2/6.



F7740. — Sweet party frock with full skirt and decorative trim. Sizes 24 to 36in. length (24in. to 28in. chest). Requires 2½ to 3 yds. 36in. material, ¾ yds. velvet ribbon, 1½ yds. eyelet edging. Price 3/6.

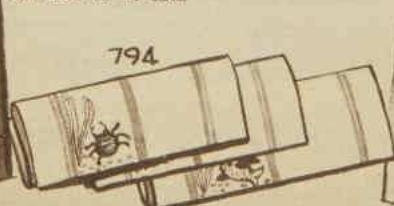


NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 784. — MATERNITY FROCK
Feminine maternity dress with bow trim is available cut out ready to make in wool and mohair mixture in colors of lilac, black, cream, and olive. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 76/8; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, 79/8. Postage 4/6 extra on all sizes.

No. 784. — TEA-TOWELS
Set of three multi-color striped linen tea-towels, cut out and traced ready to embroider. Each towel features an individual motif. Price is £1/1/- plus 1/6 postage, or 7/3 each, plus 9d. postage each.

No. 795. — DRESSING-GOWN
Full-length gown for girls in colors of pale pink, powder-blue, aqua, and mushroom silicone velvet. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 53/6; 6 to 8 years, 57/6. Postage 3/6 extra on all sizes.



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